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MY COUSIN DELPHINE.

MY cousin, by courtesy rather than in reality, as not one drop of the same blood that warmed her rosy veins ran under my dark skin, but by the intermarriage of her relatives and mine we had gained the title of consanguinity, and until I was a great hulking lad of seventeen years, and she a slender, graceful fairy of twelve, we had been as dear to each other as brother and sister, and more gracious than such, from the knowledge that we were less.

At that time circumstances had led our families apart, and from that time until the hour that I reached Ivycliff, her Scottish home, I had never looked upon the sweet face that had shone like a star within my memory through the years.

Ten years it was, and now I was riding across the moors, knee-deep in heather, under a sullen sky, with the mist sweeping in folds of silver-gray between me and the overhanging crags beyond, to visit the winsome maiden of my dreams, to be remembered henceforth as stately mistress of a Scottish castle, Lord Glencairn's lovely bride, mine no longer by grace of blood or childish claim.

What half-unconscious hopes of the future I had been nourishing in my heart through all these years it did not matter now to inquire, and I did not care to think. It was sufficient that I had been held heart-whole, and that but for my mother's urgent desire that I should visit Delphine in her new home when my business must take me almost past her

doors, I should have never wittingly looked upon her face again.

Yet I laughed a scornful laugh aloud as I roused myself from a half sad, half bitter reverie to find my horse cropping leisurely from the herbage beside our pathway, while my thoughts were back with the hour when Delphine's little silken head was held close against my heart, while amidst sobs and kisses we had vowed to love each other forever. Yet for two years she had been a wife, and I was now to replace my child-love in her castle of air with the reality in her more substantial castle of stone. Even as I thus thought, the mist lifted, and I found myself confronting Ivycliff castle—a huge pile of gray stone, built in irregular style and situated upon the brow of the cliff from which it took its name. At the right hand, as I ascended the long, winding drive leading to the lodge, foamed and plunged a swift burn, pouring its torrent of musical waters into a natural basin hollowed from the rocky hills, and withdrawing them again from its farther side to pour in a fierce little waterfall over its crest and ramble away in a quiet, shining thread of silver across the stretch of level moorland below. As I crossed the rustic bridge that spanned the tumbling stream just below the lodge-gates, I lifted my eyes to the mansion beyond. The clouds had broken, and a brilliant shaft of light had flashed from out the western sky, flooding with a crimson glow the castle front with its ivy-draped windows and turrets, and

bringing into relief, like a cameo cut from the gray stone wall, the figure of a woman upon the overhanging balcony.

Her eyes were gazing intently into the distance opposite the way from which I came, her head slightly lifted, bringing her lovely, clear-cut profile into sharp outline.

Ah! did I not know her? In a moment I saw my Cousin Delphine as I had seen her a thousand times waiting for my coming, the eager, lifted face, the waving, wind tossed hair, the slender figure with its fluttering garments, even the way the hands were clasped together—waiting now with me forgotten in the vanished years! A moment and she had turned away and entered the open door, while I passed through the gates and galloped my horse under the overhanging boughs until I reached the house.

Scarcely had I dismounted and given my horse to the groom, when there was a swift footstep in the hall, and I held in mine the warm hands of my Cousin Delphine, saw the soft, dark eyes filled with tears, while the smiling lips spoke words of welcome.

"Oh! dear Cousin Robert, how glad—how more than glad I am to see you! It is so long since one of my own kindred has given me greeting."

Then followed all the usual queries for friends and relatives. The reaching back over the years for glimpses of the past, the interchange of news of interest, and then, as we sat there in the firelight near the close of the short, chilly afternoon, I fell to watching, with observant eyes, the lovely face before me.

Now that the first flush of welcome was over, I saw that Lady Glencairn was pale, her outlines less rounded than seemed natural, and a wistful look lay about the curves of her lips when in repose, and in the depths of her soft eyes. Then in intervals of silence she seemed to be always listening, or expecting some one. At length we spoke of her husband.

"I think Donald must be here soon," she said. "I have been expecting him for some time. He said he would come home early. Did you know, cousin, that my husband is a physician? He is very devoted to his profession, and I cannot win him from it, though I have tried very hard, for I am sure it is injuring his health. I have used every argument. Of course, he has no need of earning—in fact, I don't think he takes pay for his services. He devotes himself to the poor people, goes at all hours and in all sorts of weather, and takes no care of himself. I hope, Robert, that you may add your influence to mine, and prevail upon him to go away, if only for a time, to some place where he can have a good rest. I have never been away since he brought me here after our marriage. He will not go, and, of course, I will not leave him alone. Ah! here he comes now! Robert, you must not mind if he seems—"

Her remark, whatever it might have revealed, was here cut short by the abrupt opening of the door, and the entrance of her husband.

I gazed upon him with surprise. Was this the paragon of manly worth that I had imagined he must be, to have won Delphine? Instead of the broad-shouldered, handsome young Scotch laird that I had pictured to myself, I saw a tall, thin figure, surmounted by a keen, dark face, with restless, dark eyes, black hair and beard, already streaked with gray threads, and the look of a man forty years old, though I afterward learned that he was scarcely older than myself. After a civil acknowledgment of our introduction, he drew some magazine or pamphlet from his pocket, and appeared entirely absorbed by its contents until dinner was announced. Although gentlemanly, and, as I said, civil in his manner, he was yet so reserved and cynical in his general demeanor, that I often caught myself wondering by what invisible

neoromancy he had won the affection of the beautiful woman who was his wife. In my investigation I could attribute to him but one attraction, a wonderfully melodious voice, sweet, flexible, and sympathetic. When, after a long evening of almost unbroken silence on his part, he would wander over to the piano and sing the old, plaintive Scotch airs, I could almost hold my breath to listen. Often I saw the tears start into Lady Glencairn's eyes as they rested on him, while his grave face grew almost transfigured under the influence of music.

In spite of his peculiarities, I grew to like my cousin's husband, and was convinced that the tie between them was that of real affection. Often over the pages of his book I could see his eyes watching her as she moved about the rooms or sat chatting with me, and his voice was full of tenderness if he but spoke her name. Under the change and stir that my visit brought into their lives, her face and manner grew brighter, and Lord Glencairn's silence and reserve melted into more genial moods; yet there were days when he was restless and morose, and her eyes would follow him in his nervous walk about the house, with the same wistful look of trouble that I had observed when I first arrived. Then after these nervous wanderings he would mount his horse, a fierce, black beast that no one but he could ride, and we could hear his hoof-beats tearing down the rocky road, and over the bridge, as if seven demons were on his trail, while his wife would look after him, white to the lips. Yet she never uttered a word in reference to it, and, while I was vaguely uneasy and concerned, I felt that I had no right to intrude upon any secret trouble.

The few days that I had promised to stay at Ivycliff had passed by, and I announced my intention of going away on the following day, but Lord Glencairn at once protested.

"No, no, Kent, you must not think of

going yet," he said, with unusual warmth of manner, "you haven't had a shot on the moors yet, nor a visit to any of our famous places. No doubt we seem dull enough to you, but give us a few weeks more and we'll do better. My little wife here needs some one to cheer her up a bit, for I'm but sorry company, at times, for the girlie; isn't it so, little one?" And he lifted her chin in his hand and looked smilingly into her eyes.

I had never seen him seem so cheerful and cordial.

Delphine's face brightened and flushed with happiness under his tender gaze, and she dropped her head against his arm in a caressing way as she answered: "I am never lonely when you are here, dear, but when you are gone so much, Don, then I sometimes get a little dull. Why need we stay here all the time, Donald? Let us coax Cousin Robert to stay till after the best of the shooting, and then go back with him to visit my dear old home."

"Well, well, bairnie, we'll see," he answered. "But at any rate we must keep Cousin Robert with us a while yet, and you must take him out and show him our bonnie hill-country. I want to see the roses coming back to my little wife's cheeks—the red roses—they're a bit too white to please me now. So order your ponies, Delphine, and be off for a scamper across the moor."

"But can't you come with us, Donald?" said Delphine, wistfully.

"Nay, I must not wait," he answered. "I should have been off an hour ago. Poor old Andy McDonald is in a terrible plight again with his rheumatism, and I promised to be there early."

Delphine sighed, and uttered some words of disappointment, but, on the whole, she seemed more content than usual, and was bright and sunny during all our long ride as I had not seen her since my first coming.

Donald still seemed to retain his unusually cheerful and pleasant demeanor

after his return, and for the first time I realized how agreeable and fascinating he could be if he chose. Well-read and brilliant in thought and speech, he charmed me with his entertaining conversation until nearly time for us to retire, and then going over to the piano he began to play and sing the plaintive Scottish melodies, until he almost drew my heart out through my eyes.

As we parted for the night he gave me a warm hand-clasp, and said :

"No flitting now, Kent ; we shall hold you fast for a month yet."

"All right !" I responded, "I could not spend it more agreeably, I am sure ! Your Scotch highlands have completely charmed me, aided by their lord and lady."

"Ah ! it's but little we can do here to charm you, but we are heartily glad to keep you with us while we can !" And with a cordial good-night we parted.

But the next morning the old cloud had come back. Civil but silent, he sipped his coffee, ate his breakfast, and retreated to his study. Delphine looked troubled, and again I noted that watchful, listening expression upon her face.

The hours wore on until afternoon, then a messenger arrived to see Lord Glencairn.

Delphine arose and went out as if to speak with the man, but the servant was already showing him to the master's study. After a few moments he returned, and Delphine met him in the hall.

"Is it anything important, Hugh ?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady, I think so," he replied. "The little one going from one convulsion to another, with scarce a breathing space between, and my poor missis almost as bad with fright, and no doctor near."

With a despairing look, Delphine turned away, and ascended the winding stair leading to her husband's study.

She remained away some time, and thinking of something that I wanted

from my own room, I passed up the softly carpeted stairs, and going through the hall above was about to pass the study-door when my steps were arrested by the suppressed but distinct tones of Lord Glencairn's voice :

"Give it up, devil ! Give it up, I say ! Do ye hear, you pale-faced little soul of Satan ! Give it here, or it'll be worse for ye !"

Inexpressibly shocked, half doubting what to do, as I still stood hesitating, a pistol shot rang out, and I sprang and flung open the door.

As I did so Delphine turned to me, her face pallid, the pistol smoking in her hand.

"Don't be frightened, Robert," she said, bravely, trying to smile, though her lips trembled, and I could see that her limbs shook.

"It is nothing. I was moving some things in this drawer, to help Donald get his medicines, and as I took this out it went off, and startled me fearfully, I am such a coward ! Take it away, Robert, and put it where it will not scatter my wits again."

And as I took it from her hand she turned and addressed some remark to Lord Glencairn, who, all this time, had stood with his back toward me, turning over papers in his desk, and uttering no comment whatever.

Feeling myself dismissed, I took the pistol and went on to my own room, my brain in a whirl of confused thoughts regarding the mystery which I now knew to exist under this roof.

Five minutes later I heard the well-known clatter and rush, as the heels of the Black Prince tore down the avenue and across the bridge, dying out along the rocky gorge.

I did not see Delphine again until evening, when she entered the drawing-room dressed for dinner.

Her cheeks were no longer pale, but their unchanging color, added to the wan shadows about her eyes, made me suspect

that she had called the arts of the toilet to her aid, to keep my eyes from detecting any unwonted sign, and she conversed and laughed with forced gayety, while yet I could see that she lost no sound about the house.

Finally we heard hoof-beats on the gravel, and for a moment a spasm seemed to contract the sweet lips and white throat of Lady Glencairn, as she arose and went to the drawing room door to meet her husband as he passed.

"I have waited dinner, Donald," she said; "it will be served as soon as you are ready. How is the little child, to-night?"

"Much better!" he responded briefly, as he passed on to his room; but Delphine returned to the fireside, looking as if ten years had slipped from her life, her face almost radiant. And when Lord Glencairn entered, a few moments later, looking pleasant, as he did at most times, she looked quite happy, and slipping her hand through his arm and then through mine, we went out to dinner, as cheerful and careless a party, to all appearance, as could be found in all Her Majesty's domain.

But even while we chatted and laughed, my mind recurred to that strange scene of the afternoon, and found myself speculating whether, indeed, such a thing could be real, as I gazed on these quiet, well-bred people, or whether it was some nightmare dream which had fastened itself too strongly upon my memory.

Days passed by after this, in which no hint was ever betrayed of the strange episode which had taken place.

Lord Glencairn was unusually genial. We caught fish from lake and river, hunted grouse along the purple moors, waded through the heather while it was yet bright with dew, and took many a long, delightful jaunt among the lovely hills, filling the days with pleasure and the evenings with music or other enjoyment, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes

with the friends who were frequently entertained there, and with whom Lord Glencairn proved a most delightful host.

Yet in our merriest hours that dark shadow of mystery would obtrude itself upon my mind, and send a shiver over me.

The time of my departure was drawing near, and once more I broached the subject of a visit from Lord and Lady Glencairn to my mother. That she would be delighted to welcome back the child who had been almost as her own daughter, I well knew, and I felt certain that to my cousin her return to the dear old home would be almost like a return to Eden.

So I felt inclined to press the matter as far as courtesy would permit, and use such power of persuasion as I was master of to induce Lord Glencairn to accede to our wish.

To my delight and surprise, he accepted with but little demur, and the time was set for our departure.

But before the day arrived I was chagrined to see that Lord Glencairn was, once more, relapsing into one of his morose states, in which he expressed his determination to remain at home.

"Delphine can go," he said; "I am not her jailor. She has always been at liberty to go when she would."

"But how could I go and leave you, dear?" she replied, in her winning tones. "No, Don, if you do not care to go, neither do I; we can be happy here just as well. You know I don't really care so much about it; not half enough to make me go away and leave you here to long for my return."

It seemed as if she sought to soothe and placate him as she might an irritable, ailing child.

That night, after having slept through several troubled dreams, I was aroused by the sound of my own name: "Robert! Robert!"

Springing up I hastily seized my clothes and began dressing.

Silence was over all the house.

Coming out of my half-sleeping state, I paused, and making up my mind that I was the victim of a nightmare fancy, was about to return to my bed, when again I heard that call, muffled but unmistakable: "Robert! come!"

In an instant I was out of my room, listening, looking for some sign to guide me.

As I advanced I thought I detected a glimmer of light beneath the study door, and in a moment I was there.

My unshod feet made no sound upon the carpet, and fortunately the door was unlocked. Flinging it wide I saw at once the direful need of that call.

There stood Lord Glencairn with his wife flung back upon his left arm, while the long slender fingers of his right hand clasped her white throat with vise-like grip, as he shook her with vicious force, uttering imprecations and invectives of the fiercest character.

"You will tell, you she-devil?" he cried. "You will betray me? Not after I have choked your false heart out and flung you out upon the rocks below the castle wall!"

I waited to hear no more. Before he realized my presence I was upon him.

It was a providence that I was endowed with great physical strength, for as I grappled with him I found that I had no puny antagonist to deal with. Every muscle of his slender figure seemed of steel. For a time I doubted whether I could control him. But my first fierce onslaught had enabled me to wrest my cousin from his grasp and place her in a great chair, almost insensible, and now I but sought to resist his attack upon myself, while I said: "For God's sake, Delphine, tell me what this means?"

Pallid and trembling, she tried to rise.

"Don't harm him, Robert. He is not accountable for his acts. O Robert! my poor Donald is insane! At last—at last, I have lost control over him!"

And sobbing bitterly she covered her

face with her hands, and sank again into her chair.

Her words but confirmed what I had already suspected, and with a determined effort I succeeded in throwing and holding him, while I sent her to call help to me.

With the aid of the astonished manservant, I secured and placed him upon a couch, dispatched a messenger to the nearest town for a physician, and after stationing a guard beside him I went down to the library where Lady Glencairn was to find out more about the terrible event.

After assuring her that he was more quiet and would be faithfully cared for, I begged her to tell me all.

"O Cousin Robert!" she said, "I cannot tell you what a terrible burden I have borne through all these weary months! Sometimes I have felt as if I, too, should go mad if I could not be rid of my dreadful secret. It is almost a relief to know that at last the obligation of silence is removed, and that Donald can be restrained. For we had hardly been married three months when I first began to see signs of his malady, though it was much longer before I knew the dread truth.

"We had come here then, and as these attacks came on only at quite long intervals I did not at once realize their import. After he knew that I understood that it was insanity, he feared so much that I would reveal it and leave him, that it seemed to increase his violence. In his lucid intervals he talked with me about it, and begged so piteously that I would keep his secret and help him to overcome his condition that I finally bound myself by an oath not to betray him.

"Much of the time he has been so free from the attacks and so hopeful that his mind would recover itself under the medical treatment that he has followed that I have sometimes believed that he would entirely recover.

"But I found that even when he seemed quite sane on most subjects there was often some one thing on which he was entirely

unreliable. After a time I found that he could not be trusted to prescribe for people when he had his strange, gloomy attacks, and I have implored him to give up the profession which he was so determined to follow, but my appeals were always in vain.

"I did not know what to do. But one awful day—O Robert! I feel like a criminal, but do not hate me!—he was called in haste to see a little child. Hurriedly doing up some powders, he started away in just that mad haste that you have seen, and going into his study an hour later I noticed the bottle still open on the table—it was a deadly poison!

"I knew in a moment he had made a mistake, and writing him a line, I sent a man on our swiftest horse, with instructions to ride for life, but it was too late. When Donald came back, pale and horrified, as he knew what had been done, the poor little child was dead.

"I thought then that I could not allow him to keep me silent longer, and yet I was again rendered powerless, for he said that at the first hint of betrayal he would take his own life.

"Think of it, Robert, and pity me! On one hand my fear of his doing harm to others, on the other dread of harm to him.

"But it is only of late that he has offered harm to me. He has an idea that I have intended to betray his secret, and has long seemed to think that I wished to get him away from here to place him under confinement.

"Still I have never feared him, and he has usually submitted to my influence, so that I have been able to induce him to carry only harmless remedies, or sometimes to refuse under some pretense to visit the sick when he was not well.

"That night that you heard the pistol-shot was the first time he was ever violent toward me. But since then he seems quite changed, and often seems to suspect me of some plot against him, and upbraids me until I have really come to fear him.

"But for your presence here to-night, he would have killed me."

Poor Lady Glencairn! hers was indeed a sad fate.

Persuading her at last to try to rest, for she had not yet removed her dinner-dress, I left her and returned to the room where Lord Glencairn had raved himself into exhaustion, and waited the coming of the physician.

Having administered a sleeping potion, he assisted us in getting the patient into bed and stationed himself close at hand to await his waking.

It was late in the morning before a servant came to the library, where I had fallen asleep in my chair, to say that his mistress would like to speak with me.

I went up-stairs and found Lady Glencairn awaiting me in the hall.

"He is awake," she said, "and wishes to see me. Will you come with me, Robert?"

"Certainly, if you wish," I said, and together we entered the room where he lay, the doctor stepping out as we entered.

"He seems quite sane now," he whispered as I passed.

Lord Glencairn looked ghastly as he lay with the morning light streaming in upon him, his black hair and beard and pallid face in sharp contrast with the white pillows against which he reclined.

His wife went swiftly to his side, knelt and laid her face against his with some whispered words.

I went up and offered my hand, saying: "Well, Donald, old fellow, are you better this morning?"

"Yes, I think so," he replied, returning my grasp. "But this little girl," stroking her cheek caressingly, "looks as if she had not slept much. You must take care of her, Robert, till I get better. When these bad spells with my head catch me, I can't think of much but my own misery. There! kiss me, little wife, and then you all go to your breakfast. You

may send Jack up with a tray for me, too. I believe I am really hungry."

Delphine rose joyfully to obey, and together we left the room, telling the servant at the door to remain with his master.

But scarcely had we descended the stairs when we heard the report of a pistol, a sharp cry from the servant, and we returned only to find poor Donald quite dead, with a bullet through his brain.

In that brief space he had reached a pistol, from some place known only to himself, and then put an end to his shattered life.

Three years have passed since I took

poor stricken Lady Glencairn away from the place where she had passed her brief, sorrowful wedded life. Beautiful Ivycliff has passed into the hands of strangers.

But here in my quiet English home, under my mother's loving care, my Cousin Delphine has slowly regained the lost bloom and sunshine of her early life, and to-morrow, while the flowers blossom and birds sing in unison with the song and blossoming in my heart, I shall stand beside my darling in the little gray church where we sat together long ago, and hear the blessed words that shall give forever into the keeping of my heart of hearts, my first love, my only love, my sweet Cousin Delphine!

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

MY BRIEF CELEBRITY. ✕

WE were delightfully "green," Augustus and I, but at the time we did not know it. I say delightfully, for though verdancy may have its disadvantages, it lends a singular brightness to earth and sky, and a confiding confidence in human nature which wider experience is sure to dispel. So these were halcyon days when we were young and green and starting on our bridal trip across the ocean.

My sea chair, the gift of a friend, was fresh and new, and adorned on the back with my new name, "E. C. Frere," in large white letters, which looked so novel and attractive that I could not help peeping furtively at them from time to time, and then glancing at other chairs likewise adorned with names and initials, and wondering if anybody else's afforded the same gratification.

Augustus had gone to see about something in the state-room while I sat idly eying the preparations for sailing, as the

huge vessel slowly made her way out to sea. Presently I began to notice my fellow-passengers, especially a pleasant benevolent looking old gentleman, with glasses, who seemed to be continually near me. Now, I have always been fond of old gentlemen, even more so than of young ones occasionally, except Augustus. Young men sometimes make queer, eardrum speeches or compliment one in a way that is uncomfortable, but I always seemed to get along with old gentlemen, so by and by I wanted my chair moved, and the old gentleman kindly did it for me.

He uttered an exclamation as he stood behind me, and as he came round in front again, said, "What talents! My dear, I had no idea you were so young!" I looked at him vaguely, I knew I was young, but as to my talents, I was not so sure, and how he could so soon have discovered them, if I had any, was a puzzle.

"Your brother and you are going for a little trip in Europe, I suppose?"

I blushed, but too bashful to extricate myself from the situation, faintly answered: "Yes, sir."

So he chatted on amiably for some time, asking questions, now and then, which I hardly felt capable of answering, such as:

"Do you think your sojourn in Europe will change your views on the labor question?"

But while I meditated on a remark I had heard from my father in response to a complaint my mother had made about the cook, "that unskilled labor seemed to be considered, in these days, of more value than skilled," the old gentleman skipped to another subject, and I was thus saved the necessity of a reply. Indeed, he seldom waited for an answer to his questions; and presently left me to go to another part of the ship.

"Clever old party!" Augustus said, when I told him of our interview; "of course you have talents. Who can make better cake?"

"But the last was a little sad, you know," I urged, reluctantly.

"What matter, so it made your fellow glad," laughed my husband; "and then those lovely flowers you painted. Of course you have talents."

"But Cousin George took the clover for roses," I said, rather dubiously.

"Bother Cousin George; he's a blind idiot," Augustus answered.

"Augustus, dear," I asked, tentatively, "do you think we will be sea-sick?"

"What rubbish! No, indeed! The fact is, I believe it's a matter of will to a great extent. Just resolve you won't, and don't think about it, and there's the end of it. I was out sailing with a party of fellows not long ago, and some of them were very shaky, but I just said to myself 'now none of this nonsense,' and, bless you, I hadn't a qualm."

"Well," I said hopefully, somewhat en-

couraged by this view of the case, "I don't mean to be—that is, if I can help it."

Vain resolve! The united wills of Augustus and myself proved insufficient antidotes, and I was obliged to take to my state-room and even to my berth at times, proving the futility of all human endeavor. Augustus, however, never owned up to being sea sick, though even to my inexperienced eye he presented most if not all of the usual symptoms.

"Oh! no, I'm not sea-sick," he exclaimed from time to time. "It's only a little attack of dyspepsia; those horrid fish-balls I ate at breakfast didn't agree with me," and turning rather pale and green, he hastily left me.

From time to time my fellow-passengers would come up to me for a brief chat, when I happened to be on deck or appeared rarely at the table, but I was too forlorn to be my ordinary social self, so my intercourse was very limited, and Augustus and the old gentleman were my chief companions. A pleasant, kindly old man was this Mr. Joy, a good sailor and always compassionate for and doing some little service to those less fortunate than himself.

One day he sat near me reading a magazine. "No name signed," he said, "but it is well known who is the author," and, with a sigh, "it must be a great satisfaction to have accomplished so much while still so young and with unlimited time, as it were, before one. Now I have always felt a drawing toward the pen, but as yet—as yet have done little."

After that, I saw that the old gentleman had loaned his magazine to one or another of our fellow-passengers and as they sat reading it, my fancy seemed to suggest that they kept glancing at me. Not being a great reader myself at the best of times, I felt quite too inert to make the slightest effort of the sort, for everything was an effort on ship-board.

But the voyage drew to its close, and, as we neared the shore, the spirits of the

whole party visibly brightened, and suggestions of getting up an entertainment of some sort for our final evening at sea passed from mouth to mouth.

"I have an idea, a pleasant little surprise for you," said old Mr. Joy, stopping beside my chair and smiling benevolently upon me, "but I can't let you into the secret yet; nevertheless, it is a very well deserved honor."

"But I don't deserve to be specially distinguished," I answered, "at least"—thinking of my newly-acquired dignity as a bride—"at least not much!"

"Ah! there is nothing like the modesty of true genius," the old man replied, as he bustled away.

The evening arrived, the company gathered about the long table in the dining-room, while Augustus and I lingered on deck, loath to leave the pleasant enchantment of the air and skies and our own too delightful society.

"Bother the crowd!" said Augustus, "we're far better off here by ourselves."

"But then it won't do not to go down," I answered, and with a "Well, I suppose not," he got up and prepared to accompany me.

"Here, take the seat of honor, my dear Miss Frere," said Mr. Joy, meeting me at the foot of the staircase, and to my embarrassment I was installed at the head of the table and my ears astounded by a vociferous clapping and cheering.

"What did it all mean?" I wondered in a dazed way, but had no opportunity of asking. Mr. Joy stood at my side, and in the silence which followed cleared his throat and began a speech:

"It gives me great pleasure, Miss Frere and my fellow-passengers, to be spokesman on this occasion. We all feel the inestimable privilege that has been ours, my dear madam, in enjoying even in so limited a degree the pleasures of your companionship during this voyage. The distinguished authoress, E. C. Frere, is known by reputation to all this company.

Your deep and exhaustive articles on the labor question, the rights and sufferings of women, and many kindred subjects, to say nothing of your brilliant and satirical tales, which we have all read, render you worthy of a niche in the temple of fame, and we desire in parting to express our appreciation of your efforts for the good of your fellows. I confess I was surprised to see so young a lady, but in the creation of talents like yours Nature knows no law."

"But—but—" I stammered, as, at last, his rapid eloquence seemed to flag, and looked piteously at Augustus. He stood up, at last, and in a confused way stammered forth: "We're very much obliged, but it's all a mistake. We don't read that sort of stuff much, so I did not know about this lady you speak of, but Elsie Cornelia Frere never wrote an article in her life, and we—we aint celebrated for anything," continued Augustus, blushing violently, "except that—that we're bride and groom."

So ended my brief celebrity, and the curtain dropped on a series of explanations.

LEIGH NORTH.

HE who can find in his own thoughts, in his own work, in his own convictions, and his own conscience the true joys which they are capable of yielding will never make shipwreck of his life. He will feel as acutely as any the pleasures and pains which come through the influence of others, but they will not be his all—he will have another region from which to draw a deeper happiness, a region where none can enter to hurt or to make afraid.

If we can inspire children with a desire of pleasing, if we can infuse the love and sympathy which make it a delight to see another's gladness, they will of themselves seek to promote it in many ways of which others would never think.

A RULER OF DESTINY.*

CHAPTER IX.

IN the retirement of Margaret's room that night we finished the manuscript of Dr. Heath, which left us more in doubt than ever. It arrived at no definite conclusion, but after some further recountal of experiences in the unknown country to which he appeared unconsciously to have emigrated, his story came to an abrupt end in the middle of a sentence that seemed in the beginning pregnant with revelation.

"It closes, like his life, at a point of thrilling interest," Margaret said, sadly. "It must be that the paper was written before his death, though it looks so fresh and recent."

"It is recent," I declared, critically inspecting the pages as I arranged them in order. "I am positive that there was a purpose to finish this record by an account of the Doctor's return to earth—if he ever left it—but there must have occurred an interruption which at the time hindered the completion of a tale in which I am so deeply interested that I feel like invoking him, dead or alive, to come and finish it. Cousin Margaret, how in Heaven's name could you fail to love this sensitive, high-souled man, so tenderly devoted to you that he was ready to sacrifice himself to give you freedom, putting himself in league with natural laws to make your freedom unquestionable?"

Margaret's face was deadly pale, but her eyes glowed with a deep, fervent fire.

"I did love him—I do love him," she said, solemnly, "though it took this sacrifice—not his more than mine—to teach me the truth. Sydney, let me tell you

my story, to which the Doctor's has served as an introduction, but which gives you an impression of guilt on my part under which I cannot let you rest."

I went over to the low chair on which my friend was reclining, and, sitting down at her feet, slipped my hand in hers with loving sympathy.

"Arthur Heath is associated with my earliest recollections," she began. "I cannot remember when he was not dear to me. The country estates of our families adjoined, and our summers were, in childhood, spent in close companionship, as neither of us had nearer brotherly or sisterly ties. Our fathers had been intimate friends from youth—a sort of David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias affection existing strongly between them—and from our infancy they had regarded their children as betrothed by a law which appeared to leave us no more choice than in the color of our skins or the bent of our dispositions. Of this, however, we thought very little, and were altogether satisfied with Fate, believing that we loved each other very devotedly—having no reason, in fact, to believe anything else. At fifteen, by the death of my parents and by the guardianship of Arthur's father, I became an inmate of his household during the vacations and intervals of my school life, at which times I was occasionally joined by Arthur, who was likewise engaged in the study of his chosen profession, having completed his college course before I began mine. It was near the time of my graduation that I fell deeply, and as I believed, irrevocably in love with one whose name I beg leave not to mention, since he is known to you in these

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later years in no romantic connection with myself. In my entire absorption in this sudden, sweeping passion I seemed to feel no binding force in Arthur's claims—claims that were never pressed but accepted calmly as one accepts the laws of the universe. The bliss of being wooed in a lover's terms of passion was an experience new to me, and possessed my being to the exclusion of other delights.

"I had creditably passed my graduating exercises, and was staying at the house of a friend where I had begged my guardian to allow me to remain for a while before my return home. It did not appear to me necessary to assign my true reasons for craving this privilege—in fact, I doubt if I acknowledged to myself that I accepted the invitation of my friend for the chance of daily meeting the man who had won my heart. It was during my stay with this friend, and while I was nerving myself to write the truth to Arthur and to ask for my release, that I was imperatively summoned to the death-bed of my guardian, who had in every sense filled the place of a father to me and whom I loved most tenderly. Arthur was already there, and in our mutual sympathy of grief I had no thought for the love that had come between us, nor was that a place to name it.

"Even when the precious father insisted on the solemnization of our marriage-vows before he left us, I had not courage to oppose his will. Speechless, resistless, I submitted to the ceremony which a man of God was one evening hurriedly summoned to perform. And at midnight our beloved one was dead. After that it seemed vain to vex Arthur with a truth which had become a sin that I must bear alone.

"I relapsed into a silence and melancholy that must have been sadly oppressive to the young husband who devotedly strove to make me happy, unconscious that I had, as I believed, made myself a sacrifice to the will of the dead. We re-

mained a year at Sunny Slope, which I would not consent to leave. By a codicil in his will, Mr. Heath had transferred the place to me to make amends—so he said—for the burning of the fine house on my own adjoining estate and to unite the two as one. And here, as on a sacrificial altar (I morbidly mused), the victim, or the ashes of the victim should remain.

"During that year a few letters were exchanged with my lover—his full of reproaches and passionate entreaty for an interview, mine unwillingly repellant and breathing a heart breaking sorrow over the inevitable. That any of these communications came under the eye of Arthur I never knew. He grew to seek me less and less, and to devote himself more and more exclusively to the mysterious pursuits of his science, in which I took no interest.

"But my failing health at last brought him to a stern insistence on a change of place, and we removed to our city quarters, where Arthur vainly endeavored to interest me in the establishment of a new and beautiful home, but with, I fear, very unsatisfying success.

"Here, during the following winter my babe was born at nearly the cost of my life. When, after days of unconsciousness, I came back to a sense of the event to which I had looked forward with strange, unspoken longing, I was told that the child was dead. I dared not murmur. My bereavement seemed but justice. But God knows how through all these years I have felt my loss."

There was a brief hush in Cousin Margaret's story. I kissed her hand in silent sympathy.

"Not long after this," she went on, "Arthur, under plea of experiments in sciences—which he could best pursue in his quiet laboratory at Sunny Slope—went away, bidding me a most tender and cheerful farewell and leaving me to such enjoyment as I could find in the luxurious

home that he had provided with vain attempt to enlist my languid interest. He wrote to me frequently, but with no mention of return, though, as the winter wore away, my thought went after him with vague fear of something wrong, and with longing for renewed assurance of his faith in me. Like a blow at last came the tidings of his sudden death from the test of which this mysterious paper speaks. I hastened at once to Sunny Slope, to find that Arthur, my life-long friend, was indeed dead and past all hearing of the painful explanations and pleadings for forgiveness that moved me to throw myself upon the silent heart which had never before failed me.

"Sydney, *he was dead*. I looked my last upon the kingly face with its final seal of triumph. I saw the coffin-lid firmly fastened above him. I followed him to the grave. I saw him lowered in its yawning blackness. I heard the terrible fall of the earth-clods over his faithful heart. Sydney, HE WAS DEAD!"

The hour and its anguish seemed upon us both, and on my knees beside her I wept with my friend over the life that went out.

"And then?" I questioned, through tremulous sighs.

"Then I closed up the fatal room with everything as he had left it," she said; "the strange secrets of laboratory and crucible undisturbed, the chair in which he had died unmoved, the pen with which he had last written, drying in the ink of his final message, the violin which he loved, and which I could never suffer other hands to touch, lying on the table where he must have placed it."

"And afterward," I urged, breaking softly in on the silence of Cousin Margaret, who seemed striving for the solution of some problem connected with that secret room which she alone had entered since our arrival at Sunny Slope.

"Afterward," she collected herself to say, "I went back to the home which

seemed Arthur's latest thought and care for me. And in time—for I see this is what you wish me to speak of—the man that I had so profoundly and passionately loved came again with renewal of tender vows that had once thrilled my heart with longing for a fulfillment to which there was now no barrier. Do you know, dearest, that in my freedom to love and marry this man I had no will to do either? It was a sad trial to find myself so inconsistent and inconsequent a creature. In a way I seemed as false to the one love as I had been to the other. Yet, strange as it may appear, in the liberty which Arthur had unconsciously given me to unite my destiny with one who had secretly reigned in my affections through the whole period of my married life, I unexpectedly found the tide of my inclinations setting perversely in the opposite direction; I even felt a degree of repulsion toward my now confident lover which speedily terminated his suit, not, however, without some scathing reflections on the capricious quality of woman's love, which I bore humbly enough, with no attempt to justify or explain; indeed I had no explanation to offer. All my soul's life, with an infinite need and desire which nothing in this man's love could supply, was turning to Arthur, with whom I seemed more closely and truly wedded than ever before. So far from sundering our ties, death appeared to have strengthened them. And more and more, through all the years that have followed, I have felt the influence of his love and thought tenderly surrounding me, though I have had no theories, no formulated beliefs concerning such matters. I have simply felt and abided in the sense of his love, as vivid and real to me as if he were visibly present. I cannot reason about it. I have never before spoken so freely of it."

"Cousin Margaret," I said, after a longer silence, "I do not believe that Dr. Heath died."

My listener started, caught her breath, and then relapsed with a sigh.

"There is no ground for believing anything else, Sydney dearest; I saw the sods heaped above him," she answered drearily.

"That man in whom the Doctor confided—as this paper states—who, and where is he?" I questioned, swiftly.

"Ah! that must have been Jim Grey—an uncle of our own loyal Jim—a sort of body-guard always to the Doctor, whom he faithfully served to the uttermost. He died long ago," Margaret said.

I was baffled. The secret I would penetrate appeared, for the moment, to have died with him.

"Must we be left, then, helpless believers in the supernatural, Cousin Margaret?" I pondered.

She swept her hand across her eyes, as if dispelling an illusion.

"It is clear," she said, "that the manuscript was written before Arthur's death—a lurid play of his imagination over the facts upon which he had too long brooded in silence—nothing more."

"And you find a natural solution of the supernatural sounds that we heard on the night of our arrival?" I ventured to question, though the subject had never been discussed by us since that time.

"Yes, it was all the effect of our overwrought fancy, of course," Margaret assured me. "We were the victims of that contagion which always infects a region superstitiously believed to be haunted."

I was not satisfied. I doubted if Margaret was, but it seemed useless to press the matter. The hour was already late, and though there was no sleep in my friend's eyes, I fancied as I touched the drooping lids with my good-night kiss, they were full of brooding thoughts that I might not share.

—

She came out on the veranda where I was standing next morning, slowly

detaching from a slight gold chain which hung almost invisibly from her hands, a small miniature that she opened and passed to me.

It was the face of a young man with dark, deep, meditative, rather melancholy eyes, a full, strong, slightly indented chin, a mouth smiling and tender, yet with firm-drawn lines, suggestive of a nature self-disciplined, self-controlled.

"Dr. Heath?" I said, inquiringly.

"As I knew him," Margaret replied.

"Do you—do you like him, Sydney?"

"I cannot tell," I said, holding the miniature away from me. "It appears the mere sketch of a face on which the artist Time is doing a great work. I don't think it is this face that I see, but some stronger, grander face beyond it."

"I have been wishing to ask if you would not use this copy for a portrait study," Margaret said, watching my countenance somewhat critically. "I have much faith in your divining power in the matter of character. What I want is not a copy exact of this youthful face, but rather your impression of what this face would be after twenty years. Do you feel like attempting such a work?"

"I am dying to begin operations at once," I returned. "I have been so long idle that my fingers thrill to clasp the brush, and the smell of paints will be the most heavenly of odors to my sense. Shall I summon Leander to unpack my easel, canvases, and oils, and bring them to my favorite perch on the floor of this dear old colonnade?"

It was not long before I was most happily engrossed in the work that I loved, finding in my subject a far more powerful fascination than was usual. Not only because I had not to confine myself precisely to the copy, but because there was some subtle attraction in my study that I could not exactly define.

Margaret, knowing my choice of solitude when I worked, and having, no doubt, her own particular leading that morning,

had retired to the great secretary, which appeared to me capable of inspiring a romance in itself. Left to my own inspirations, untroubled by comments or suggestions, the powers of divination with which Margaret accredited me were permitted full play, with results which I was not able to forecast, but in which I was profoundly interested,

I was standing back from my easel and contemplating the ghostly outlines of my sketch when I was startled by an approaching step. Moved by an unaccountable impulse I thrust the miniature that I had taken in my hand in the surplice of my dress as I turned about to face Archibald coming up the steps. He marked my action with a sudden halt in his eager greeting, while the blood flamed up to my face with vexing heat. I seemed the victim of mixed emotions. Archibald had haunted my thoughts all through my morning's work. Half unconsciously I had been striving to reconcile Margaret's devotion to the memory of the Doctor with her absorbing interest in, not to say infatuation with, young Archibald, who very evidently felt as profound an admiration for her as, in my judgment, was natural. Had I instinctively concealed the miniature to avoid question or betrayal of her past? I could not assign any such reason, and I was moved to cast the golden trinket aside as impulsively and inconsequently as I had hidden it. But confused by an action I could not explain, and which was, after all, of no significance, I went forward to meet the visitor, my cheeks reddening with blushes all the more burning as I became conscious of them.

I was really most happy to welcome Mr. Archibald after the danger we had passed together, and I was profuse in my congratulations on his fair recovery, for which he thanked me with cold politeness.

"I will ask you to be seated in our sky-parlor," I said, bowing him to a chair re-

mote from my easel. "We have grown so accustomed to spending our social and reading hours on this dear old veranda that we, or I, can scarcely breathe with freedom within the house. Mrs. Heath, however, prefers to write in the gallery with the oriel window and at the great secretary that seems to me a sort of portal to the world of mysteries. As I do not take the liberty to conduct you there, I will go and tell Mrs. Heath of your arrival. She will be delighted to see you."

Archibald put out a detaining hand. "Do not interrupt Mrs. Heath. I can wait her leisure. And I beg that you will not allow me to interfere with your occupation," he added, with a glance toward the back of my easel. "It is torture to be called away from a work at which you are engaged with an inspired hand."

"Mr. Archibald speaks as one having experience," I smiled, but growing suddenly serious with a suggestion that came to me in the flitting expression of the gentleman's face. "Would you mind sitting there as a model for an ideal, or a partially ideal portrait that I am doing?" I said.

"You flatter me," he responded. "I am delighted to serve you, but curious to know in what character I offer suggestions."

"Pardon me for not introducing you to my subject before it is completed," I replied. "I never can endure to have my work inspected while it is in process. My friends all understand that. Do you think you can pass an hour with a strange, fascinating book that I have just been reading?"

"Undoubtedly. It will have a double charm," Archibald said, taking the volume from the chair at his side. "Am I to wear a smiling expression?"

"Oh! pray, don't think of your expression," I laughed. "It is not yourself but something you suggest that will inspire me. It is as if you saw what I do not see. I cannot explain it, but I feel

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that you may help me to success in the work I have undertaken."

"Since my part is an entirely passive one, I hope you will not hold me responsible for any failure in it," Archibald said, smiling at my curious whim, and adjusting himself to an easy position, while I went over to my easel and fell to work with the zeal of an inspiration derived I knew not from what source.

Presently Margaret came out with what, in another woman, I should have called an almost tender greeting for our visitor, and the two fell into earnest conversation, so close, if not confidential, as to render them apparently oblivious of my proximity. I did not mind. I was too entirely absorbed in the ideal which I was striving to realize to think of anything else. I was for the time, what my friends call me when at earnest work, simply an animated paint-brush.

"Am I serving you acceptably, Miss Tyrrell?" I heard Archibald say at last, as I stood back contemplatively from my canvas.

"I—I had forgotten you," I said, with a blank stare in his direction.

"What!—" gasped Margaret, looking with a startled air from one to the other—"are you serving as a model, Mr. Archibald?"

"Not exactly that," he smiled—"Miss Tyrrell gave me to understand that I suggested some form or some expression which she wished to catch, as an expert would catch the reflection of the criminal in a murdered man's eyes."

Cousin Margaret rose and walked half-way across the floor between us, then paused as if checked by some repellant sphere surrounding me.

I laughed. "The face is not ready for your inspection yet," I said.

"Sydney, you must have the easel carried to your room or I shall not resist the temptation to catch a glimpse of your work," Margaret assured me.

"Jim is loitering about with an ex-

pectant sense of some errand to perform, I will call him presently," I promised, putting my arms about my friend and leading her back to her seat. "The fancy, dearest, that you cannot resist temptation!" I smiled, dropping down at her feet and resting my head upon her knee, with a sudden sense of weariness. "I hope you will like the portrait. But whether you do or not, I know it is better than I planned. Work that exhausts and leaves me with this consciousness of nothingness—though it may not satisfy me—is always my best."

"Pray do not talk about it, Sydney," begged Margaret, caressing my hair. "You subject me to the tortures of Tan-talus until you gratify my interest by a glimpse of your work."

"If it were polite to indulge curiosity, I should certainly urge my claims to gratification too," Archibald said, his eyes on the miniature, which, by an inadvertent movement of my hand as I toyed with the slender chain, fell from its concealment.

"As a reward of your passive assistance and of your politely repressed curiosity, you shall be gratified at a later day—if the owner of the portrait will permit," I responded, as I restored the dainty miniature to my bosom.

CHAPTER X.

"I was afraid you might forget that John Hugh is to lecture to-night," called Miss Day, appearing upon the carriage-drive at Sunny Slope the next evening, holding her fine span of grays well in hand. "And as Don is not likely to see an umbrella after sunset, and there is no prospect of a thunder-clap, perhaps you will venture to take a short drive with me without fear that you do so at the risk of your lives. I have picked up Mr. Archibald, by the way, as a safeguard against all dangers but electricity, and father will be in waiting to avert any dark and grewsome forebodings you may have of returning with me alone in the first watches of the

night. I mention all these precautions because of the little casualties attending my previous attempts at entertainment."

We made haste to declare our freedom from all apprehensions, and were soon ready for the carriage, Mr. Archibald, at my request, taking the back seat with Margaret and leaving me the place of honor by Miss Day, who was in brilliant spirits and looking very charming in her soft-gray costume, her high, clear color harmonizing well with such neutral tints. I said as much in explanation of the stare of admiration with which I regarded her, complimenting her on the exquisite fit and fashioning of her dress, which I declared was worthy of a city modiste.

"Oh! do you know," she answered with a frank laugh, "I couldn't sleep o' nights after meeting you and Mrs. Heath for brooding over the anatomy of your gowns and striving after the method of arriving at such fine statuesque effects that revealed to me the beauty of 'the human form divine,' and made me for the first time conscious of the dreadful fit of my bodices. I began taking in a seam here, and another there, but arrived only at a terrible sense of restriction and discomfort without acquiring at all your supple grace of outline. The sleeve was particularly trying, but renewed contemplation of your arm that seemed sculptured in the fabrics of your dresses—"

"I never marked such close observation on your part," I interrupted.

"That was because I didn't stare," Esther explained. "But do you know I have a cast of your lovely arm in the sleeve that Mr. Archibald cut away on that afternoon of your accident? I have caught it together again, and shall preserve it as a blood-stained memento of our friendship. It will be one of my most precious treasures. Possibly that helped me to arrive at the result you are pleased to compliment. You are an unconscious missionary of art, though I dare say, in spite of the eyes I shall make at him, John will

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assail you to-night as a wicked monopolist of some sort or other. It is a favorite catch-word of his, defined by a variety of startling adjectives. But I really want you to hear my John speak freely on his beloved themes because I did not deal quite fairly with him the other day, he thinks. Here we are at the door, but it is yet early. Mrs. Heath, if you and Mr. Archibald would prefer to drive for half an hour, here is Rob to take the reins. I want Miss Tyrrell to go in with me and watch the people gather. She has not had such an opportunity in the study of faces since she came to Sunny Slope."

"The fact is," she resumed, as we found our seats in the democratic hall, when the heavy tread of entering feet drowned her words to other ears, "I did not want the speaker of the occasion to miss me when he comes in. You mayn't believe it, but my active interest will detract from the latent bitterness of the discourse."

"I can readily understand it," I said, with my eyes on the bright face.

"There, do you see that tall lady in black, a little rusty, and conforming to the fashion of twenty years ago?" she questioned softly, with a nod toward the person described, who was taking a seat well to the front. "That—that is my prospective—mother-in-law. John is the core of her heart. He can do no wrong. She regards him as a born leader. She is ready to kiss his feet, and she toils for him like a slave. And he—he let's her."

"Perhaps that is his way of illustrating his principle of freedom and equality," I suggested. "Shall you follow the mother's example of devotion?"

"No, that would not be fair to John," she said. "He must learn to practice his high philanthropy at home. He must be re-educated. I don't think mothers half do their duty by their sons, do you? They leave altogether too much to the wives. A man is only about half made when he gets married. All a girl can do

is to finish up a piece of work badly begun, and make the best of it."

These philosophic conclusions were interrupted by the entrance of Margaret and Archibald, followed by Captain Day, and the conversation became general, while the house filled up to very nearly its full capacity.

"You see," said the Captain, as we remarked on the evident popularity of the expected speaker, "you see John Hugh is reckoned a more than ordinary smart young man. We feel a good deal o' pride in him in this community, though we don't very many of us precisely coincide with his idears on political 'conomy. But we like to hear the chap orate and argufy. It sort o' starts up our rusty thinkin' gear an' sets us reasonin' whether a thing is so an' if so, why is it so. An' we actilly see for a minute that there's two sides to a cent."

The dark orator meantime had come upon the platform, and was looking over his audience with a slightly nervous fingering of the slips of paper which he appeared to hold as a sort of tap to the stores of knowledge and wisdom he was about to rain upon us. Suddenly he opened upon the little assemblage with a fierce burst of eloquent inquiry that produced a general amazed dropping of the lower jaw on the part of the listeners, not yet wrought up to the proper pitch of preparation for answering the riddles of the Sphinx: These confounding interrogations were pursued by a crowd of startling and most extraordinary statements of evil conditions that just missed being an overwhelming argument on the speaker's side of the great questions presented, by being manifestly only partial and prejudiced truths. The incipient reformer was gazing with such black fixedness at the spots on the sun that the grand sweeping circle of universal laws was totally lost on him, while he vainly strove to catch justice between his thumb and forefinger.

My attention, as the discourse went on, was attracted to Esther, who, at the first word of John Hugh Russell, became an intent absorbed listener, her bright face suddenly growing pale, and expressing unequivocally her approval or disapproval of the sentiments of her lover, whose eyes frequently turned in her direction with a resulting softening of violence and rancor if not a broadening of view that spoke well for her silent influence. Perhaps, after all, I thought, love is not so blind as he is fabled.

At the close of the address, we went up to shake hands with Mr. Russell, and to congratulate him on his fine ability as a public speaker, amiably refraining from pressure or allusion to points on which in the interests of truth and justice we had to differ.

"But," said Archibald, as we turned away, "if you will grant me the honor of an interview at your leisure, Mr. Russell, I think we might compare our views of human welfare and progress with perhaps mutual advantage."

John Hugh bowed stiffly, apparently feeling no need of any comparisons likely to lessen in any degree the strength of his own position.

"I am sure you believe that he will develop into a ranting demagogue at last," remarked Esther, who, during our homeward drive, had sat in subdued silence in vivid contrast to her flowing spirits on our way to the hall.

"Oh! we rely on you to check any development like that, Miss Day," returned Archibald. "Mr. Russell has manifestly such strong power for good that it will never do to let him sink to the degrading level of demagogism. You will take such interest in the questions which he discusses that your influence cannot fail to make its mark in the direction of a larger and more enlightened consideration, and the gentleman's somewhat violent notions of reform will gradually adjust themselves to his clever understanding of the con-

ditions and relations which he now discusses with very little practical knowledge of what he is talking about."

I felt my cheeks burn for Esther at this cool patronizing comment on her lover, even though in her fearless quest of truth she had invited it. "One would think Mr. Archibald a Methuselah in years—a Solomon in wisdom," I said with sarcastic reference to his own youth and inexperience.

"I did but express the conscious need of my own nature—no less than of Mr. Russell's—for the molding, modifying influence of feminine insight which is higher and diviner than our own perceptions," he gallantly explained.

"Behold your mission, Queen Esther; a moderator; a molder of the opinions of John Hugh Russell," I laughingly proclaimed.

"Oh! I had recognized my mission," said the girl, with an earnestness in seeing and doing the right thing that transcended all other feelings in regard to her lover, and led her to talk with an unusual, not to say unnatural, freedom about his faults. "I am only taking the liberty to compare my own impressions with those of people who have a larger knowledge, a wider experience, and who are not personally interested, you know. A girl in love is so likely to be blinded to all the inconsistencies and irregularities of her 'bright particular star,' and to make a hero, a demigod of very common clay."

"There doesn't appear to be much danger of any such weakness on the part of Miss Day," remarked Archibald, with an audible smile.

"None the less," chimed in Mrs. Heath, "she may be a model of faithfulness and devotion in the higher sense of love which looks to the real service of its object."

"Well," said Esther, drawing rein, "here we are at Sunny Slope, and I'm very much obliged for your attention to John Hugh, and for your interest in my interest."

"You have given us great pleasure," we declared, "John Hugh and your own charming companionship aside, this moonlight drive, and the beautiful comportment of Don and Prince, would leave us your debtors," I said, as Archibald assisted us to alight at the door where Lorinda and Leander appeared like guardian angels with a flaming light.

"I don't think's proper for Esther Day to be a driving round with that young man, an' she engaged to John Russell," virtuously observed Lorinda, as Archibald returned to the carriage. "She never acts a bit like a girl that expects to be married."

"Ah! when *is* the happy day, Leander?" I questioned, with a view to diverting Lorinda's thought to her own affairs.

"A—a Tuesday!" stammered the expectant bridegroom, nervously pulling at his mustache, which was not more red than the color swiftly rushing to his face.

"I'm glad the great event is so near," I said. "You cannot be much more eager for it than I, for we are going to make a high festival of the occasion—all the trees hung with Chinese lanterns, full choir of minstrels, platform for dancing, and all your friends to congratulate you and help eat the wedding-cake."

Leander stopped pulling his mustache to wipe the moisture from his forehead and dry his hands with a kind of wringing movement, while I vanished up the dim staircase in the wake of Margaret, leaving Lorinda to receive the expression of thanks which I thought was slowly evolving from the amiable young man's mind.

As I reached the upper landing, I saw Margaret standing before the open door of my room, which Lorinda had brilliantly lighted for my return.

"What is it?" I cried, for my friend had suddenly covered her face with her hands as though to shut off some appalling sight.

"I could not help it, Sydney," she said, turning about, "but as I passed your door

the burst of light drew my eyes in that direction, and there I saw, under full illumination, the—the portrait which you have kept concealed from me, and I could go no further."

"Come in, my dearest," I said, a little timidly, drawing her into the room where I had been giving the last touches to my work on the preceding afternoon.

"I was just going in quest of you to come and see the portrait when I heard Esther's voice below, and I knew nothing would be lost by delay, though I certainly did not expect you to get your first glimpse of the face in a light like this," I added, swinging the easel into another position. "I wanted you to see it first in a subdued light—a soft light—there, that is better."

Margaret stood silently before the picture, her eyes widening with surprise and darkening with what seemed to me a look of pain.

"You do not like it, dear?" I murmured, stepping forward and slipping my arm within hers, which was visibly trembling with her quickened heart-beats.

"It—it is magnificent, Sydney," she said, "but—"

"But what?" I questioned, softly.

"There is nothing true except the eyes—and these have gained a profundity and power of expression since I knew them," she replied.

"Is not that natural?" I asked. "What did you expect, then? The same face after so many years? It is still a fresh face unmarred by lines of time or passion, and with a look of perennial youth in it, as you see."

"Yes—yes," Margaret assented; "the freshness of youth with the hair and beard of King Lear. That is a wide flight of fancy, my artist."

"Do you think so? I cannot help it, my critic," I answered. "I could not have truly painted any picture but this. It is what I saw, clearer and clearer as I wrought. Let me take the canvas to your room. Look at it by yourself, and it will

grow upon you more and more—this image of a living truth—and you will be satisfied. What could be lovelier than this shining silver flow of beard which emphasizes the unfathomable depth and darkness of the eyes that alone are real to you?"

"Ah! Sydney, that glorifying touch of time burst upon me so suddenly I could not realize it," Margaret said, still standing spell-bound before the portrait which seemed to return gaze for gaze.

CHAPTER XI.

THE wedding-day dawned brilliantly after an interval of exciting preparation, in which Lorinda did not once lose her head, though Leander had a shamefaced way of dropping his with a more or less evident desire to hide it.

In fact, it appeared that Leander would have preferred his wedding-bells muffled, but he danced dutiful obedience to the clamor directed by Lorinda's vigorous hand with a submission that was really quite touching, the more so because the dogged set of his auburn-fringed jaw indicated that submission was not a normal trait of his nature.

"But," said Lorinda, in defense of the great stir of preparation that suddenly blocked the orderly wheels of our domestic machinery, and gave us no regular dinner on the eventful day, thereby offending Leander's masculine sense of justice, "but ye know, Leander, I don't expect to be married but once, and seem' as Miss Heath has give me a chance I'm goin' to be married in style. It's no ways likely but you'll outlive me and get married agin, Leander" (with a spiteful glance in the direction of Nora, the cook), "and then you can go sneakin' off to some cross-roads 'Squire an' stand up an' be married for a dollar. I aint agoin' to be married in no such way. We're goin' to have things done up in town style, and everything about it wrote up for the

papers. You'll do it, wont ye, Miss Tyrrell, now? Or mebbe John Russell might. He's took to writin' for the papers lately. I shall want it all put in—the way I was dressed, an' all about the fire-works" (Lorinda evidently meant the Chinese lanterns), "an' what everybody gives for a weddin' present, Mrs. Heath, so an' so, Miss Tyrrell so an' so, Mr. Archibald, this or that, and so on."

And Lorinda smiled with an anticipative delight that left us nothing to do but to satisfactorily fill up the blanks.

Next to Lorinda herself, perhaps Flander experienced as thrilling an interest in the impending ceremonies as any one concerned, and he, as his enterprising, and consciously important sister declared, was "the first toad in the puddle," and must have his "finger in every pie," for Flander had gradually lost his terrors of the ghost, or the "spook," which had, for several days after our arrival, held him at a respectable distance from the house, and we had been able to communicate with him only on the outer edge of the evergreen hedge that separated the grounds of Sunny Slope from the green lane leading to the Johnson cottage. In truth, the supernatural occupant of the deserted house appeared to have taken flight at our appearance, for no rumors had since been circulated relative to that mythical personage, and as a consequence, there was an increasing boldness of approach on the part of all who, in the beginning, had shunned the place as though it harbored a pestilence.

Only Jim—our faithful, vigilant Jim, who had taken us in silent charge before we reached our destination—still cherished a faith in the lingering echo of phantom footsteps, and the vanishing gleam of ghostly robes, and with devoted spirit he followed us everywhere, always at a respectful distance, and always with his beloved gun, which was to him a protection against foes invisible. Poor Jim

was getting the reputation of a foolish good-for-nothing—"jest a lazy, silly coot," his elder sister Lorinda declared, "forever a-snookin' round after spooks, an' makin' b'leve to be doin' something for the ladies when he wanted to get red o' work."

But Jim was quite ready to suspend his ghost hunt on the afternoon preceding the bridal festivities, and to lend a helpful hand in the decoration of the lawn, to which work all our masculine forces had been summoned, not excepting Archibald, who had begged an appointment to active duty on the important occasion.

Late in the afternoon Esther Day came around from her school-room, with a new suggestion for the wedding arch—a floral yoke—at which we all fell to work with a zeal that made swift inroads on the baskets of bloom which Jim and Flander had gathered, root and branch, with the recklessness with which they would have pulled carrots, cabbages, and beets.

"This side is for Lorinda," explained Esther, deftly, finding among the roses an occasional cluster of prickly burdock blossoms, emblematic of the pungent, if not of the remedial quality of the bride's affection.

"Would they not afford a better type if suspended in a lash from a rod of beech?" Archibald asked, smiling at the rope of detached burrs which Flander was sticking together as his contribution to the floral decorations. "Leander will always be hanging back a little, and electric applications like that would, no doubt, come naturally to the connubial hand."

"But Leander will, always carry his part of the load, though his step may be a little modest and lagging," I said, in defense of my favorite who passed at a little distance as we were suspending the yoke with a view to its probable effect.

Leander paused with a look of alarm in his mild countenance, gazing for a moment at the floral object as though it had been a fatal noose, then moved hurriedly on his way, agitatedly plucking and soothing

the mustache, without which comfort I doubted if he might have gotten sanely through the emotional ordeal that was taxing his nerves.

"I wonder," Esther remarked, "what capillary connection there may be between that hirsute ornament of Leander's lip and the mysterious undercurrent of his mind. Is it a sort of electric button by touch of which he summons his scattered faculties to action, and—"

"Too occult a problem for us to grasp under present stress of work," I declared. "More roses, Mr. Archibald. I shall have to sacrifice my favorite bush to this hymenial yoke."

"It grows upon me more and more that the device should have been a halter, which would have required a less extravagant outlay of flowers," Esther said.

"And might have been more suggestive to a mind with the electric-button attachment," added Archibald, laying in the desired handful of roses, from which he had carefully clipped the thorns.

"That is a delicate fancy," commented Esther, glancing admiringly at Archibald as she twined the thornless stems.

"Now, if we had the juice of that magic flower with which Oberon witched the eyes of Titania, we might complete the charm of the thornless roses for Leander and Lorinda, and make them see each other always in true love's light," I said.

"Surely there is no kind of vegetable production so much needed as the juice of that same wonderful herb wherewith to anoint married eyes, and if I could secure a planting of the fairy flower, I would go into the business of growing it," announced the speculative Esther. "As a farming product in connection with a patent distilling process, there would simply be 'millions in it.' And then the immense public benefit in having conjugal eyes rendered incapable of seeing anything but loveliness in the conjugal partner!"

"A fine enterprise, Miss Day," acceded Archibald, "but some mischievous Puck

would immediately ruin your trade by beginning to apply the celebrated love-lotion to the wrong eyes."

"Are you not making too much of a jest of this very solemn occasion, my children?" queried Cousin Margaret, suddenly dawning with a smile upon our field of action. We glanced up, laughing at this parental address from one who seemed no older than ourselves.

"Sure enough, Mrs. Heath," spoke Esther, with sudden gravity, "getting married is a solemnly awful affair. I think we have somehow got the occasions reversed. We should start out on the uncertain wedding journey to the slow music of muffled and sombre drums; with just a trilling life-like note of hope to cheer us on, while the exit of a soul into the heavenly life might be celebrated with triumphant songs instead of sad requiems."

"Lucky for Mr. Russell that he is not here to learn your dun-colored views of the wedding journey," remarked Archibald, casting a mechanical eye to the final adjustment of our now completed emblem of yoked fellowship.

"Ah, he himself entertains no rainbow views," the girl said, with a shake of her bright head. "And, indeed, I wish he were here this moment to lend a stalwart arm to the placing of this monument of art."

"The wish reveals your faith in his superior skill and muscle, I am sure," said Archibald, lightly swinging our somewhat cumbersome work into position above the seats arranged for the bridal party under the evergreen arch, to the building of which we had not suffered Leander to lend a helping hand.

"Bravo, Mr. Archibald!" cried Esther, "but be sure and secure the fastenings well. It looks like the fatal drop, doesn't it? I'm sure it is a success. Ah, here I am jesting again over this solemn occasion! The doomed Leander! The devoted Lorinda!" And she ran away wiping her eyes, but returning presently

with a lighted torch she began the work of illumination, waking a loud chorus of alarm from the robins who were just beginning to carol their vesperservice of song.

There were sundry duties for us all, but by nine o'clock the grounds were in a brilliant blaze of light, the guests had arrived, the local musicians were getting their harps in tune for the wedding march, the minister of ceremonies stood in wait, and I was anxiously watching for the appearance of the bride, whom I had helped to dress and adorn at an early hour. At length, "the observed of all observers," she appeared in her white muslin gown, a buxom and not uncomely young woman, leaning on the arm of the blushing Leander, with head carried high above the torturing white choker encircling his neck, and with large, widespread hands encased in white cotton gloves, and laid helplessly one above the other across his stomach.

"But—but who's to give away the bride? Where is the father?" I cried, in some trepidation, lest something had been left unprovided after all, and matters were going wrong.

"Bless you, she's given away!" said the assuring Esther. "Leander's got her! Does not that bow of roses—set just a little in the rear of its companion—look well over the bridegroom's head? Only it ought to be arranged with a patent spring to fall upon his neck at the supreme moment. Hist! This sudden dead silence precedes the dreadful charge. Do you feel the ground shaking under the tremor of Leander's knees?"

The ceremony was so exceedingly brief that it was over before I fairly realized that it was begun, and I breathed a sigh of relief for Leander.

"You see, now, the wisdom, the prudence of the young man in stubbornly declining to be married with a ring, which would simply have prolonged the pains of execution, you know," Esther said, as we made our way through the crowd of rustic friends

to offer our congratulations to the bride and groom.

Leander's hand was very limp and clammy and cold, but he smiled faintly in response to my warm, earnest, honest expressions of pleasure and sympathy in his happiness, and looked at Lorinda, who volubly answered for both.

"Say," said she, nudging my elbow presently, "I wish somebody'd set them fiddlers to playin' a lively tune—'Money-Musk,' or something—Leander and me," she explained, with a simpering air, "can't stand it to be gopped at 'n this way. Law! folks act 's if they never seen nobody married before."

No time was lost in complying with Lorinda's request, and the "fiddlers" were soon twanging their bows to the lively air demanded, and brisk swains were seeking partners for the dance upon the platform, to which Archibald had already led Esther, while I stood near to talk with Mr. Russell, who did not indulge in Terpsichorean pleasures.

"All this looks like great folly to you, Mr. Russell," I said, watching with much amusement the wild stampede of the dancers rushing through the figures at the vociferous calls of one of the musicians, with a flourish and emphasis of feet quite extraordinary, as it appeared to me.

"I feel no interest in such things, Miss Tyrrell. My life aint set to dancing measures," said John Hugh, grimly, following the graceful movements of Esther Day with a smile like moonlight under a black cloud.

I fell at once to talking about the dear girl with a fervor that proved that John's heart a smouldering coal which the breath of sympathy and praise could fan into a vivid flame. After that I had not much doubt of John Hugh. As we stood conversing and watching the circling flight of the rustic beauties and their vigorous partners on the platform, I was suddenly startled by the sharp report of a gun in the direction of the house.

Simultaneously Flander, who had been perched in an adjacent tree overlooking the situation, tumbled to the ground with a howl of fright, and went scudding past us like a wild partridge seeking cover.

"Jim—Jim—Jim—he's arter it! he's arter it!" the boy yelped in convulsed tones, as he vanished through an opening in the hedge in his haste to escape his invisible foe.

A faint wailing cry of distress next struck my ear through the shriek of the fiddles and the heavy beating of feet, and I stole away in the direction of the sound, swiftly overtaking Margaret, who had come down the steps and was hastening the same way. At the rear of the house we found Jim rolling upon the grass beside the gun which he had thrown aside, and which he seemed to be addressing in his anguish.

"Oh! oh! oh-h!" he was groaning piteously, "we never meant to done it! We never knowed 'twas a man! Oh! dear, dear, dear! We shall be hung! we shall be hung!"

"Jim!" spoke Margaret, sternly, "stop this howling at once! What is the matter? What have you done?"

"O Mis' Heath! Mis' Heath! I've

been an gone an' shot a man," the poor youth cried, sitting up and wringing his hands. "I seen something white a-goin' up them steps to THAT DOOR," he explained, pointing to the inconspicuous outer entrance to the secret laboratory. "An' while it was a fumblin' with the lock, I jest popped around the corner where I'd hid my gun this afternoon, an' I grabbed it, run back an' jest p'inted it at—THAT!" he exploded tragically, with a frantic fling of his arms at an object beyond him. And then he rolled over on the grass again, and began to wail, "Oh! I only jest meant to scare it off! I never knowed it would drop dead! Oh! oh! I shall be hung—I know I shall be hung!"

Leaving Jim to his inconsolable grief, I hastened after Margaret, who had already reached the prostrate figure by the door, and was on her knees beside it when I somewhat fearfully approached.

What I saw was a tall, magnificently proportioned man, clad in a summer suit of a grayish-white cloth, which, taken in connection with his flowing white beard and crown of silver hair, produced, indeed, a rather ghostly effect in the flickering, uncertain light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

AFTER the cherry-trees have blossomed snow-white and faded, and the peach-trees have blushed with pink loveliness, then come the apple-blossoms in their delicate beauty, filling all the air with their peculiar fragrance.

In one May-time I chanced to be a visitor in a locality where they abounded, and sauntering along a country-lane one morning, was charmed with the exceeding

beauty of an orchard adjoining the road. From tree to tree walked slowly an old man with lint-white hair and stooping shoulders. In one hand he carried a cane and in the other a bunch of the flowers, and he often stopped and pulling down a bough, buried his face in its fragrant bloom. At last in turning he saw me, and breaking off some large clusters he approached the fence.

"I thought mebbe you'd like to have some on 'em," he said; "you looked that way."

"Indeed, I would. Thank you. How beautiful they are."

"It is a purty sight, aint it?" said he, turning to look back across the orchard. "How I do love it when it's all flowered out like that!"

And then he leaned his arms on the fence, and went on talking with the garulousness of age.

"Ye see, I've lived on this ere place ever since I was married, sixty-one year ago this May. There's been a new house an' some other changes, but there's always been an orchard on this very spot, an' fast as a tree died I'd put in a new one, an' son John he's done the same, an' so it's kept a-flourishin' right along. Indeed, miss, it's been a wonderful thing to see them trees in blossom sixty-one year, an' to think of the other changes has come to pass; an' I mind when I brought Mary here same's if it was only yesterday. What a forred spring that was; an' how purty the place did look. I'd jest bought it, ye see, an' I was so proud of it, an' of her, too. Dear girl! her face was jest like the apple-blows—all white, an' pink, an' sweet; an' we used to come a-walkin' out here, an' I'd deck her all up with the flowers, 'sides carryin' a lot of 'em in to trim the house. She was a wonderful hand to love flowers, Mary was. She's been gone now hard onto three year."

The old man's voice took on a grieved tone, and then he stopped for a moment, and there was that longing, far-away look in his eyes which is so very pathetic to see in the aged.

"Peared as if I couldn't stay no how after she went away, but I have—nigh three year. She didn't never seem to grow old, Mary didn't—like I did. I often wondered at that, for there wasn't much more'n a year's difference in our ages. We had three children, an' every one on 'em come to us in the May-time;

an' I remember how every time I went in the house I'd gether some apple-blossoms an' take 'em in, an' lay 'em on Mary's bed, an' stand 'em 'round the room in pitchers so she could see 'em an' smell 'em. Dear heart, how she used to love sech things!"

"Gran'pa! gran'pa!" called a sweet, young voice.

"Here, my dearie, down this way!" he answered, turning to look at the child bounding along with her sun-bonnet trailing by one string from her hand.

"This 'ere's my youngest grandchild," he said, pressing her to him, for on seeing a stranger she had hidden her face against his coat.

"There, there, dearie, look up! Don't be so bashful. See, the lady loves the purty blossoms jest's we do. John's got three children, same as I had; an' sometimes when I hear 'em a-singin' an' a-laughin', an' their little feet a-patterin'—why, it seems as if the old times had come back, an' as if it was my own little John, an' Joe, an' Mollie a-trippin' around. I s'pose mebbe I'm gittin' to be a bit childish, but I sha'n't never git over lovin' the children an' the flowers."

I bade them good-morning, and went on my way, turning now and then to watch them going up through the orchard—one just entered upon life, and the other well-nigh done with it, and bending under the weight of years which had left their mark on face and form, but through them all, keeping his heart as pure and tender and sweet as a little child's. And of such is the Kingdom.

I placed the apple-blossoms in water, but before they were quite faded this word went through the neighborhood:

"Grandpa Nelson is dead!"

Dead! such a little word to mean so much, so much which we can understand, and so much which we cannot.

Every one felt bereaved, for all had loved the gentle old man; and when we heard that he only went to sleep as quietly

and sweetly as a little child, it seemed to be a fitting close to his earthly life.

"How strange," said some one, after the funeral, "how strange when everything else was so nice, that there should be no flowers, only just common apple-blossoms."

But we who understood deemed it a beautiful thing that the flowers he so loved, and which were associated with the tenderest memories of his life, should be about him at the last. They lay around his pillow and within his wrinkled hands,

and several branches tried with a broad white ribbon lay across the foot of the casket.

Some one has said that these loves and longings in our souls are God-given, and if they go with us until the end of earthly life they will go with us into the hereafter; and if so, then surely there they must be satisfied.

And, believing this, I think there must be apple-blossoms even in the Kingdom of Heaven for Grandpa Nelson and his Mary.

LILLIAN GREY.

MR. DARWIN'S CURIOUS GARDEN.

MR. DARWIN, the distinguished naturalist, had a very curious and interesting collection of plants from all parts of the world, and he has written a book about the many strange experiments he tried with them. They were all alike in one respect; they were *flesh-eaters*, and they might be said to earn their own living in one sense, for they had very curious traps of various kinds for catching flies and other small insects for their food.

As early as 1860, Mr. Darwin says he was surprised to find how large a number of insects were caught by the leaves of the common sun-dew (*Drosera*). Flies were caught much oftener than other insects, but a gentleman saw a living dragon-fly caught firmly in the leaves, and he even noticed a small butterfly among its victims. The leaves of the sun-dew are covered with gland-bearing filaments, or tentacles, and the glands secrete a liquid that makes the whole leaf glitter in the sunshine, and this is the way it gets its pretty name. If an insect alights on the leaf, the sticky secretion entangles him, and the tentacles bend over and hold him fast. Sometimes he happens to get

on the edge, and then the outer tentacles bend inward, carrying it to the next tentacle, and so on, until, by a "curious sort of rolling movement" the insect has been conveyed to the centre of the leaf. The plant may be said "to feed like an animal, for the leaf is like a stomach, and the secretion like the gastric juice which dissolves the animal food and also keeps it from decay." Mr. Darwin put bits of meat, and also bits of cheese on the leaves of sun-dew and on damp moss; the last were molded and decayed, while the first were still sound.

There is quite a difference in the way the tentacles bend for different articles. Blotting-paper, coal-cinder, cork, wool, and glass caused very little movement, but bits of meat, raw or cooked, and of eggs, caused the tentacles to move readily. A touch, if only given once or twice, has no effect, but a slight pressure makes the tentacles all curve inwards like so many hooks. Rain-drops or any fluid are powerless, while the plant is exquisitely sensitive to any solid substance. This is very necessary, for the plant would lose much time in bending its tentacles and

unbending them uselessly, if the frequent showers had any effect, and the bending is sometimes a very slow and gradual process. If a bit of dry moss or rubbish is blown on the leaf, the tentacles will not hold it very long, but will unclasp again.

The leaves will not, however, taste any kind of food that is given, but have a marked preference for flesh, and for eggs and milk, and for some vegetables, especially green peas and boiled cabbage. Sugar, starch, olive oil, and sherry wine, and tea were all tried, and produced no bending at all of the tentacles, though as soon as a bit of meat was offered they eagerly moved. However, some care had to be exercised about raw meat, for it proved too strong a stimulant, and injured or even killed the leaves if too much was taken.

Mr. Darwin tried some curious experiments with poisons of various kinds. Ammonia, in such a small quantity even as a *millionth* of a grain, would excite the tentacles, and camphor also proved a stimulant. Strychnine was a slow poison, and quinine acted rapidly in killing the plant, the little grains of matter in the leaves looking as if they had been put in very hot water. Alcohol made the leaves insensible, or drunk, but it was by no means certain that morphia did. Glycerine was a deadly poison, but the poison from the fangs of the fatal cobra snake was harmless, although it had the curious effect of destroying the color of the glands, turning them white, and producing a rapid movement in the little grains of matter, which first collected and then separated in chains or threads. Chloroform caused some tentacles to move in little jerks or starts, and even to rise straight up; and sometimes the tentacles were made quite insensible and could not reach the centre. At other times they did not seem at all influenced by it. Mr. Darwin was very much perplexed by these contradictory results, and could not find any reason for their differences, unless

it was because the conditions of the leaves were different, some, perhaps, being older and less sensitive than others. As a general rule, there was a likeness between the influences of some of these things on animals and plants, for plants could be excited and stimulated, or put to sleep and rendered insensible, like animals. But poisons that strongly affected the muscles and nerves of animals often had no effect at all on plants.

Mr. Darwin had, in this remarkable garden of his, a great many different species of the sun-dew from far-off countries, Africa, Australia, and North America, as well as Europe. It grows in New Jersey in great abundance, and catches, with great energy, an extraordinary number of insects both large and small. Even moths and butterflies are caught, and sometimes the blades of the leaves bend as well as the tentacles, if the plant is a vigorous one. The Australian specimens were interesting for the rapidity with which they closed their leaves upon insects. One Australian species had very peculiarly shaped leaves, like small flattened cups with the footstalks fastened to the bottom; another was of immense size, and the leaves of this plant were generally covered with captured insects before they withered.

Another wonderful flesh-eater was the Venus' fly-trap, so called from the rapidity and force of its movements. It has been found only in the eastern part of North Carolina, in very damp places. It has very small roots, which probably only absorb water, so it does not depend on soil for its food, and has been raised like an air-plant, just in damp moss. Its leaves have two lobes with filaments that are sensitive to the slightest touch, and the edges of the leaves have spikes that interlock like the teeth of a rat-trap when the lobes close. But formidable as this trap looks, very minute insects can sometimes creep through the spikes, and very large ones can occasionally break them apart

in their struggles. The last very rarely happens, however, and as a general rule the Venus' fly-trap is set for large game, catching spiders, beetles, etc. The lobes close "with quite a loud flap," and it needs but the most delicate touch of wing or foot of passing insect to make them do this, but there is no sticky liquid poured out as with the sun-dew—except just close to the animal matter, for digestive purposes. Mr. Darwin used ether and chloroform with these plants, and succeeded easily in rendering them torpid and motionless, until in one case he cut off a part of the leaf. I suppose you might call that a surgical operation, and it would seem as if this flower-garden was really a hospital for plants, only they were like the oyster—

"If you let him alone
He is perfectly well."

The most wonderful thing discovered by Mr. Darwin and other persons, in experimenting on the irritability of such sensitive plants was, that the movements were very similar to the contracting and relaxing of the muscles in an animal in the way in which the electrical current running through footstalk and leaf is disturbed at such times.

There is a rare Portuguese plant that grows on the dry hills near Oporto, and is called the "Fly-catcher" by the villagers, who hang it up in their cottages because it captures such vast numbers of insects. The leaves of this look under the microscope as if they were covered with miniature pink or purple mushrooms, which are in reality small glands, and secrete a liquid copiously. This liquid is so acid that it will color litmus paper a bright red, and the little drops of it are easily withdrawn from the glands. If an insect alights on a leaf, the drops adhere to its wings, feet, or body; as it crawls on, more drops stick, and it is so clogged that at last it cannot move, but sinks down in the glue-like liquid and dies. You see that

this is a very different method from that of the Venus' fly-trap. There is an African fly-catcher, called *Roridula*, that is very much like it, and so is the Australian *Byblis*, except that the glands are long, and might be better called glandular hairs. Mr. Darwin also detected a *Primula*, a *Pelargonium*, and two kinds of *Saxifrage* in eating animal food, or absorbing animal matter from the insects occasionally entangled by the secretion from their hairs. These hairs are also of great use in obtaining ammonia from the rain, and you may know how much nutriment can be obtained by them when I tell you that a moderately fine *Primula* has often over two millions and a half of glandular hairs. Although these flowers have fallen into bad habits, they are by no means genuine flesh-eaters, as those I have first described with traps and lures for unwary visitors.

There is a family of mountain plants, *Pinguicula*, that grows on the mountains of Cumberland, Wales, and Switzerland, that seem to have been forced into fly-catching from poverty, for their roots are so small and the soil so barren where they grow, that they could not otherwise make a living. The glands secrete a colorless liquid, so gluey that it can be drawn out into a thread of eighteen inches. The leaves bend over at the edges if they are irritated, and this proves very convenient, for the rain washes into these "side-pockets" all the insects or bits of food that stick to the centre of the leaf, and so nothing is wasted by these careful house-keepers, and then, as the edges become irritated by the touch of the food, and bend more and more, it is pushed back again toward the middle, and brought into contact with more glands, and is more thoroughly sucked of all the matter that can be absorbed from it. This plant eats vegetables as well as flesh, and absorbs nourishment from the pollen, seeds, and leaves of other plants that are blown upon its leaves and stick there. Mr. Darwin found that milk, split peas, bits of

spinach, and cabbage leaves, and many such were easily absorbed, but the secretion could not dissolve starch at all.

The carnivorous plants are not confined to dry land. The *Aldrovanda* is a water-plant, and catches fresh-water mollusks, larvæ, beetles, etc. Professor Colm put some of his plants in a vessel containing numerous small crustaceans, and the "next morning many were found imprisoned and alive, still swimming about within the closed leaves, but doomed to certain death." The leaves, which are arranged in a whorl around the stem, have delicate, transparent lobes, with short, rigid bristles around them for defense. Dr. Colm says these two lobes open about as much as the valves of a living mussel-shell. The edges of the lobes have prickles, and bend inward, and so, no doubt, interfere with any attempts of a small creature to go back when he once gets in, and there are many long, fine hairs that are easily irritated, and cause the leaves to close when they are touched; a fluid, that acts like the gastric juice of the stomach, is secreted also by these plants, but they are lower down in the scale of vegetable respectability, for they also absorb excrementitious and decayed matter.

And this brings me to the most degraded of all these families—the *Utricularia*—an English plant that grows in the New Forest of Hampshire, in Cornwall, and Yorkshire. It grows in foul ditches, and has no roots, but floats near the surface of the water. There are green and transparent bladders that grow near the base of the leaf, and sometimes on the stem. When they are young, the bladders have their valves turned toward the stem, but as they grow older, they turn toward the water, and downward. These valves will bend and open under the pressure of any living creature, and as soon as it is in, the elasticity of the valve will make it shut up close and tight, so that nothing can ever escape. It, however, must decay before the plant begins to feed on it. Mrs.

Treat, of New Jersey, saw a good many captures, and gives a very lively account of them: One creature slowly walked around a bladder, and reconnoitred, but at last crawled into the depression of the valve—and never returned. The small crustaceans "were quite wary, but nevertheless often caught; coming to the entrance of a bladder, one would sometimes pause a moment, and then dash away; at other times it would come close up, and even venture part of the way into the entrance and back out as if afraid. Another, more heedless, would open the door and walk in; but it was no sooner in than it manifested alarm, drew in its feet and antennæ, and closed its shell." A larva, she says, is sometimes three or four hours going in, which makes it look like a small snake slowly gulping down a frog, though the movement really in this case is that of the larva, not the valve, which only bends and then shuts up again, but does not draw in at all.

These bladders are a favorite arrangement in this family, and are found on the roots of the species that inhabits the tropical parts of South America. These are for the capture of animals that live in the earth, and differ from the water-bladders in having the ends curved over so much that they form a roof over the opening, or door, and protect it from being clogged up with loose earth. There are also air-plants of this family, and their bladders are found in the damp moss, decayed bark, etc., of the thick trees on which they grow. One very peculiar species, found in the Organ Mountains, Brazil, grows in the water that is found in the leaves of a large plant, and throws out runners from one plant to another, so that it fastens five or six of these together as by a chain. This catches quite large larvæ and crustaceans. Another Brazilian plant, the *Gentisea*, has bladders on the roots of some of its species, but these were very small, and no prey was seen in them, and other species have leaves which act as eel-traps, for their narrow blades

are enlarged into hollow necks with a kind of spiral tube running down each side into a small bladder, and on the inside of the bladder are rows of long hairs growing downward, and looking very like a paper of pins. It would be very easy for an insect to go down the spiral stairway and the hairs, but almost impossible to turn back.

I doubt whether the curious garden of

the great naturalist makes us love flowers more, for we see them in the novel character of hunters with snares and traps, but we learn more distinctly of the curious resemblances between the animal and plant world, and we have a far more vivid impression of plants as living things, even if their life is of such a different kind from ours.

E. F. M.

A THANKFUL CONCLUSION. X

PLEASE kind Heaven all "gentil mynded folk," young or old, who read this elderly romance, be as glad at heart as our neighbor Colonel Fyfer is this Thanksgiving Day!

The gallant Colonel is a mite of a mighty man of valor in height, but of a goodly breadth; he is round, and rosy, and prosy, his expression is of Santa-Claus-like benevolence. We forgive him that he often addresses us, the Hapgood Sisters, as "Say, girls," although we pride ourselves on a dignity proportionate to our sixty years. I even forgive him that he advises me altogether too much about the care of my roses and chrysanthemums; he is fond of gardening, so am I, and our consultations over the hedge have caused Sister Phyllis to compare us to Mrs. Nickleby and her crazy-man-over-the-wall. That is unkind in Phyllis, for she, until lately, has been the bright particular flower of the neighborhood to him.

It was one day in early September the Colonel called from under his Astrakan apple-tree with an: "I say, girls, I have found an old friend, yes, two of 'em, down in the Center!" His mild eyes were bright as the heavens above us, and an air of youthfulness, as though a belated June had somehow gotten into his blood, quickened his usually lazy step.

"Let me come over and tell you all about it," he said.

When we were sat on the side piazza, shady cool with many vines, Phyllis with her knitting, our guest at ease in the large rocker, we listened to his tale, told in his own rambling way:

"You see, girls, I went down for the butter myself—Margaret doesn't know good butter from buttercups—and that made from your Alderneys has got to be fresh made as the dew o' the morning to be good, so I thought I'd waylay old Perkins who furnishes the Tubbs' Son's grocery and have a talk with him; and, in fact I'm going out to his farm next week—what say, Phyllis, to riding out there with me?"

"Too busy, Colonel; shall be canning all next week."

"And you never *can* for me, hey, Phyllis! Well, I was coming up the hill, and I saw before me a somebody in black, who had a walk like a somebody I'd known years ago, a sort of springy, wide-awake walk, but bless you! I'd never have known her, nor she me, I'll be bound, only just at that minute old Perkins, in his wagon, drove by, and he says:

"'Sha'n't I give you a lift up the hill, Colonel Fyfer?"

"You should have seen the start that little woman gave, and then she looked up kind of shy, and when she smiled and sort o' blushed, I declare it came over me as quick as winkin' the last time that she and I played together in the old game of 'There's a rose in the garden for you, young man,' fifty years ago and more!

"Is it you, little Rosamond Mortimer?" says I, just so.

"And then we stopped and had a talk, a long talk and a long walk. I went back to the place she calls home with her.

"You see, this is the way it was: when we were all twenty years old or so, her father, who had been Captain Mortimer, of the British navy, came to our town to live. He was an arrogant old Britisher—how he ever came to settle in Barrebridge I don't understand, but he took the handsome old place a Dyer family sold when they went to New York, and had it fitted up as English as possible. I suppose I remember the clipped trees, the peacocks on the lawn, the big family coach and coachman in livery; he had his hounds and horses, though he rode as you'd expect a sailor would, but he scurried after foxes and some way—don't know as any one ever saw him in at the death—he had some fox brushes hung up in his big square hall among the family portraits, his coat-of-arms was there, too, and a genealogical 'tree' as tall as a gallant mast, and some deer's antlers were over the doors. Sure they weren't captured near Barrebridge, though maybe his English visitors were told fine tales about the hunt.

"He did look down on all the townsfolk, there's no doubt about it, and they often wished him well away helping Britannia to rule the waves again with some of his superfluous boastful gabble, especially when his young folks—Rosamond was the eldest, and there were four others about a year apart, two girls and two boys—were in demand to go with the crowd of us to enjoy the old-fashioned good times, the frolics

we used to have in those old days—huskings, you know, and barn-dances, and moonlight rows down the river, and so on. They would have been glad enough to come, but 'pa' generally put his foot down, and a heavy foot it was, that go they shouldn't. The fact is, 'pa' took too much old Port and old Jamaica, and though he would sometimes talk as elegantly as an Addison, Christ-church rector said, when just enough wine was in the head, he was apt to get right down ugly about once a week. At such times he would berate all the house of Hanover and the English navy as well as 'the President of no pedigree, who sat in the chair of the ruler of the American rabble.'

"He was a grand-looking man, and it was a handsome family. Now, perhaps, when you come to see Rosamond you'll never believe it, but I—well, when I knew that Rosamond meant 'Rose of all the world,' I just thought she was that; and the next sister, Eleanora, was about as pretty in the fair-complexioned way, but I never did admire 'blondes,' as they call 'em, except one, and her name is Miss Phyllis Hapgood.

"Well, the girls would sometimes join us young folks. Rosamond was a sort of quiet, sensible little mother to the rest, though they had governesses and tutors and all that (their mother had been talked into her grave years before, I guess). And the handsome young lads came, too, and they were so gay and yet so gentle, all of them. The Captain used to boast his wife had an earl for a great-grandfather. And these children were real gentle-folks, any way, and we all grew a little more polite, I think, when they were around.

"Yes, I remember it as though it were to-day, instead of September fifty years ago, the picnic in the grove by the river when we had the last dance and games, and the last walk together. Rosamond was a little queen, in a red-colored satin skirt and white spencer; bitter-sweet ber-

ries made a sort of crown set on her curly hair, and a long stalk of golden-rod I gave her for a sceptre in her hand, as we went walking a long way over the hill and down by the river's side, looking to see what was the promise for chestnuts soon, and trying to find a four-leaf clover. We weren't talking any sentiment—no, I wouldn't have dared any more'n if she had been a real queen—but I tell you, I seemed treading on air, and I did think her the brightest and prettiest creature I'd ever seen! It happened her father was out with his gun and dog—and down he came crashing through the bushes! and about as angry as six or eight glasses of grog would make him joined to the sight of his eldest daughter talking with a farmer's boy—and he walked right up to the girl and slapped her side of her pretty head. It was a sharp, stinging blow, and if it had only been given *me*, I shouldn't have shouted 'coward' and rushed at him as he stood there, red with rage, and pushed him over as if he had been a big demijohn, so after a roll or two he was cooling off in the stream. A jolly good ducking he got, and good enough for him! Of course, I helped him out and took a good wetting, and a shower of curses. But they said after that he seemed a little more decent toward his family.

"About that time I went away, went into the army, had the luck of a wound and promotion in the Mexican war, went to Washington, and so on, and though I kept hearing at intervals from Barrebridge and the Mortimers, it was ever and always bad news; the old gentleman's money was going, going, gone; his two boys were dead; Rosamond was to have married the minister—at least the parson of the Barrebridge Congregational church wanted her, and she liked him, but the old man just wouldn't give his consent to her taking a 'miserable dissenter,' as he called the young reverend, who finally got tired of waiting, and married somebody else. And the youngest daughter, who was always

a silly, pretty little thing, just crushed the family by running off with a circus-rider.

"So after a while their home, which was mortgaged for all it brought, was sold under the hammer. And some way after that, I suppose because I got married and had my own times, good and bad, and lost my only boy, and then my wife's long illness after we settled here took all my thoughts, and I lost sight of the Mortimer family entirely, until this very day.

"And such a change! Now Rosamond tells me they have come to Hickston because Dr. Jacques advised her to. She has been taking care of his brother's wife in Philadelphia, and Eleanora was just doing fine work for some fine family. They supported the old Captain till five years since, when he died. Now the other Mrs. Jacques is dead, and Eleanora has a terrible cough and has given out entirely, and the doctor thought Hickston air would be better for her. Isn't it a strange thing they have come to my town to live at last! they've taken the top-story rooms of the old Cartwright hotel—a store-house 'tis now, you know, though there is talk of its being taken and run as a hotel another summer. Eleanora can't go up and down stairs, but she has the range of the top loft, and they both do beautiful fine work, sewing and knitting, and I just wish you girls would give 'em a call. You'll see the family portraits—three or four they have saved out of the wreck—and those women are perfect ladies, you'll agree."

Of course, we promised the Colonel that we should gladly call, and that was the end of his story for that time.

Next day we saw dispatched from our neighbor's an old-fashioned bureau and lounge. The destination we knew when he called to us, "If we had a little splint rocker to spare from the piazza *they'd* take it kindly." We were so interested in the sisters we were sure we could spare two rockers—one large and easy for the in-

valid, and some rugs, Phyllis adding something from her store of sweets.

Before Phyllis and I had found the strangers in their new home we met the elder sister in the Colonel's garden—a withered rose of a little woman of seventy long, care full summers, the lines in her face eloquent of trouble, but a carriage of grace and dignity, and soft-brown eyes above the cheeks, which held a pretty faint bloom, "and her profile is really beautiful, and her snowy, curling hair," we agreed with enthusiasm, "while her lips and teeth are as pretty, except for the sad droop at the corners of the mouth, as any young girl's." It was not hard to believe she had been "the prettiest girl in Barre-bridge."

And we found her so bright and well-informed—all the accomplishments of the young ladies of two or three generations ago—the pretty work done by the great-grandmothers of "our girls," she and her sister were versed in. We soon persuaded her to give lessons in some of the old-fashioned intricate embroidery stitches and "shell-work" to a class of young girls, who became much interested in the dear old ladies.

And when we saw our lame and lazy neighbor, the Colonel, carrying in his own hands from his garden in a fine jardinière, his favorite chrysanthemum, and realized it was for the window of the invalid's room, we were glad exceedingly. "For," as Phyllis said, oracularly, "if he goes so far as that, mark my word, it will not be very long before he will be thinking the mountain would better come to Mahomet!"

"Now," continued Phyllis, "perhaps we never wholly appreciated the Colonel, but if, for old association's sake and all that, Miss Rosamond can find him lovable, and I think she does, for do you notice she will blush if he comes in suddenly? why, we'll call it a glad ending to a sad tale if he takes her to his good old heart and cozy home."

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Did some little bird whisper the Colonel Phyllis's good words, for it was with a face as beaming as a bridegroom's, that he appeared when the year was getting old and gray and cold, and began again with an: "I say, girls! Now, I want you to give me your good wishes—in fact, to con-grat-u-late me! for I am to have my first sweetheart, little Rosamond Mortimer, from this day forward till death shall us part!"

"How glad, how glad I am!" we chanted in duo.

"And Eleanora, you see, shall have the sunny south room with the balcony. I know she will get better with regular diet and plenty of sunshine. And, as for Rosamond, why, I tell you, she has grown twenty years younger already—don't look a day older 'n you do, Phyllis.

"We'll have a gay wedding next Thursday, Thanksgiving Day! Girls, you must both be bridesmaids; I know she'll like that. Send your nephew and that nice little Olive, and we'll have the wild Irish girl of yours, who married from here last Christmas, and her husband up for helpers. The wedding is to be in my parlor, so I can ask the neighborhood, and the embroidery class and all.

"I'm sure of your good wishes, girls, and my dear Mary Ann will bless the banns if she knows in her heavenly place how comfortable my last days will be made by Rosamond.

"Who knows but she was the very blessed saint who sent her along this way!

"One thing I do know, never will an unkind fate, like an unkind father, slap my Rosamond by the side of the head again, if I can help it!

"And do you know, girls, she has kept the four-leaved clover I picked for her the afternoon we had that last walk together all these years—fifty years—shut up in her prayer-book!

"Don't you think" (this with a look smiley round the lips, and teary round

the lashes) "that altogether we may call it a thankful conclusion? I say so."

And our happy neighbor stepped off, whistling an air which sounded much like

that of the old merry-go-round game, "There's a rose in the garden for you, young man."

KARIN CASA.

MRS. SEDLEY'S TALE. ✕

IT is very strange how a moral weakness in her child gives a mother the same sense of yearning pity that she has for a bad bodily infirmity. I wonder if that is how God feels for us when we go on year by year doing the thing we hate? I think a mother gets to understand many things about the dealings of God that are not plain to others. For instance, how it helps me to say, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," when I think of my poor little Fanny's ugly fault. Though there is some return of it nearly every day, what could I do but forgive?

But forgiveness that does not heal is like the wretched ointments with which poor people dress their wounds. In one thing I know I have not done well: I have hardly said a word to John about the poor little girlie's failing, though it has troubled me constantly for nearly a year. But I think he suspects there is something wrong; we never talk quite freely about our shy, pretty Fanny. Perhaps that is one reason for it. She is such a nervous, timid little being, and looks so bewitching when the long lashes droop, the tender mouth quivers, and the color comes and goes in the soft cheek, that we are shy of exposing, even to each other, the faults we see in our graceful, fragile little girl. Perhaps neither of us quite trusts the other to deal with Fanny, and to use the knife sparingly.

But this state of things must not go on; it is a miserable thing to write down, but I cannot believe a word the child says!

and the evil is increasing. Only now and then used Fanny to be detected in what we called a "fib," but now the terrible doubt lest that little mouth may be at any moment uttering lies takes the delight out of life, and accounts for the pale looks which give my kind husband so much concern.

For example, only within the last day or two I have noticed the following, and other such examples:

"Fanny, did you remember to give my message to cook?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what did she say?"

"That she wouldn't be able to make any jam to-day because the fruit had not come."

I went into the kitchen shortly after, and found cook stirring the contents of a brass pan, and, sad to say, I asked no questions. It was one of Fanny's circumstantial statements of the kind I have had most reason to doubt. Did she lie because she was afraid to own that she had forgotten? Hardly so: knowing the child's sensitive nature, we have always been careful not to visit her small misdemeanors with any punishment whenever she "owned up." And then, cowardice would hardly cause her to invent so reasonable an answer for cook. Again—

"Did you meet Mrs. Fleming's children?"

"Oh! yes, mother! and Berty was so rude! He pushed Dotty off the curbstone!"

Nurse, who was sitting by the fire with baby, raised her eyebrows in surprise, and I saw the whole thing was an invention. Another more extraordinary instance:

"Mother, when we were in the park we met Miss Butler, just by the fountains, you know; and she kissed me, and asked me how my mother is"—said apropos of nothing, in the most quiet, easy way.

I met Miss Butler this morning and thanked her for the kind inquiries she had been making through my little girl; and—"Do you think Fanny grown?"

Miss Butler looked perplexed; Fanny was a great favorite of hers, perhaps because of the loveliness that her parents could not pretend to be unaware of.

"It is more than a month since I have seen the little maid, but I shall look in soon, and gladden her mother's heart with all the praises my sweet Fan deserves!"

Little she knew that shame and not pride dyed my cheek, but I could not disclose my Fanny's sad secret to even so near a friend.

But to talk it out with John is a different matter. He ought to know. And, certainly, men have more power than women to see into the reasons and the bearings of things. At any rate, my husband can see clearer than I. There had I been thinking for months in a desultory kind of way as to the why and wherefore of this ingrained want of truthfulness in the child, and yet I was no nearer a solution.

A new departure in the way of lying made me at last break the ice with John; indeed, this was the only subject about which we had ever had reserves.

"Mother, Hugh was so naughty at lessons this morning! He went close up to Miss Clare while she was writing, nudged her elbow on purpose and made her spill the ink all over the table-cloth!"

I chanced to meet Miss Clare in the hall, and remarked that I heard she had found Hugh troublesome this morning.

"Troublesome! Not at all, he was quite industrious and obedient."

I said nothing about the ink, but went straight to the school-room, to find the table neat as Miss Clare always leaves it, and no sign of even a fresh ink-spot. What possessed the child? This inveterate and inventive untruthfulness was like a form of madness. I sat in dismay for an hour or more, not thinking, but stunned by this new idea: that the child was not responsible for her words; and yet, could it be so? None of our children were so merry at play, so intelligent at lessons! Well, I would talk it over with John without the loss of another day.

"John, I am miserable about Fanny! Do you know the child tells fibs constantly?"

"Call them 'lies,' an ugly thing deserves an ugly name. What sort of lies? What tempts her to lie?"

John did not seem surprised. Perhaps he knew more of this misery than I supposed.

"That's the thing! Her fi—lies are so uncalled for, so unreasonable, that I do not know how to trust her."

"Unreasonable?" You mean her tales don't hang together; that's a common case with liars. You know the saying—"Liars should have good memories!"

"Don't call the poor child a liar, John; I believe she is more to be pitied than blamed. What I mean is, you can't find rhyme or reason for the lies she tells"—and I gave my husband a few instances like those I have written above.

"Very extraordinary! There's a hint of malice in the Hugh and the ink-bottle tale, and a hint of cowardice in that about the jam, but for the rest, they are inventions pure and simple, with neither rhyme nor reason, as you say."

"I don't believe a bit in the malice. I was going to correct her for telling an unkind tale about Hugh, but you know how she hangs on her brother, and she

told her tale with the most innocent face. I am convinced there was no thought of harming him."

"Are you equally sure that she never says what is false to cover a fault; in fact, out of cowardice?"

"No; I think I have found her out more than once in ingenious subterfuges. You know what a painfully nervous child she is. For instance, I found the other day a blue cup off that cabinet with handle gone, hidden behind the woodwork. Fanny happened to come in at the moment, and I asked her if she knew who had broken it.

"No, mother, I don't know, but I think it was Mary when she was dusting the cabinet; indeed, I'm nearly sure I heard a crash."

"But the child could not meet my eye, and there was a sort of blenching as of fear about her."

"But, as a rule, you do not notice these symptoms?"

"As a rule poor Fanny's tarradiddles come out in the most quiet, easy way, with all the boldness of innocence; and even when she is found out, and the lie brought home to her, she looks bewildered rather than convicted."

"My dear, I wish you would banish the whole tribe of foolish and harmful expressions whose tendency is to make light of sin. Call a spade a spade. A 'tarradiddle' is a thing to make merry over; a fib you smile and wink at; but a *lie*—why, the soul is very far gone from original righteousness that can endure the name, even while guilty of the thing."

"That's just it; I cannot endure to apply so black a name to the failings of our child; for, do you know, I begin to suspect that poor little Fanny does it unawares—does not know in the least that she has departed from the fact. I have had a horrible dread upon me from time to time that her defect is a mental, and not a moral one. That she has not the

clear perception of true and false with which the most of us are blessed."

"Whe—ew!" from John; but his surprise was feigned. I could see now that he had known what was going on all the time, and had said nothing, because he had nothing to say; I could see that in his heart he agreed with me about our lovely child. The defect arose from a clouded intelligence, which showed itself in this way only, now; but how dare we look forward? Now I saw why poor John was so anxious to have the offense called by the blackest moral name. He wished to save us all from the suspicion of an evil—worse, because less open to cure. We looked blankly at each other, John trying to carry it all off with a light air, but his attempt was a conspicuous failure.

I forgot to say that my sister Emma was staying with us, the "clever woman of the family," who was "going in" for all sorts of things, to come out, we believed, at the top of her profession as a lady doctor. She had taken no part in the talk about Fanny, rather tiresome of her, as I wanted to know what she thought; but now, while we were vainly trying to hide from each other our dismay, she broke out into a long, low laugh, which, to say the least of it, seemed a little unfeeling.

"O you absurd parents! You are too good and earnest, and altogether too droll! Why in the world, instead of sitting there with blank eyes, conjuring up bogeys to frighten each other, why don't you look the thing in the face, and find out by the light of modern thought what really ails Fan? Poor pet! 'Save me from my parents!' is a rendering which might be forgiven her."

"Then you don't think there's any mental trouble?" we cried in a breath, feeling already as if a burden were lifted, and we could straighten our backs and walk abroad.

"'Mental trouble!' what nonsense! But there, I believe all you parents are alike.

Each pair thinks their own experiences entirely new; their own children, the first of the kind born into the world! Now, a mind that has had any scientific training would see at once that poor Fanny's 'lies'—if I must use John's terrible bad word—inventions, I should have called them, are symptomatic, as you rightly guessed, Annie, of certain brain conditions, but of brain disease—oh! no. Why, foolish people, don't you see you are entertaining an angel unawares? This vice of 'lying' you are mourning over is the very quality that goes to the making of poets!"

"Poets and angels are well in their places," said John, rather crossly, "but my child must speak the truth. What she states for a fact, I must know to be a fact, according to the poor common-sense view of benighted parents!"

"And there is your work as parents! Teach her truth, as you would teach her French or sums—a little to-day, a little more to-morrow, and every day a lesson. Only as you teach her the nature of truth will the gift she has be effectual. But I really should like to know what is your notion about truth—are we born with it, or educated up to it?"

"I am not sure that we care to be experimented upon, and held up to the world as blundering parents," said I; "perhaps we had better keep our crude notions to ourselves." I spoke rather tartly I know, for I was more vexed for John than for myself. That he should be held up to ridicule in his own house—by a sister of mine, too!

"Now I have vexed you both! How horrid I am! And all the time, as I watch you with the children, I don't feel good enough to tie your shoes! Don't I say to myself twenty times a day, 'After all, the insight and love parents get from above is worth a thousandfold more than science has to teach!'"

"Nay, Emma, 'tis we who have to apologize for being jealous of science—that's the fact—and quick to take offense.

Make it up, there's a good girl! and let Annie and me have the benefit of your advice about our little girl, for truly we are in a fog!"

"Well, I think you were both right in considering that her failing had two sources; moral cowardice the first; she does something wrong, or wrong in her eyes, and does not tell—why?"

"Aye, there's the difficulty; why is she afraid to tell the truth? I may say that we have never punished her, or ever looked coldly on her for any fault but this of prevarication. The child is so timid that we feared severe measures might make the truth the more difficult."

"There I think you are right. And we have our fingers on one of the weak places: Fanny tells lies out of sheer fear—moral weakness; causeless it may be, but there it is. And I'm not so sure that it is causeless; she is always in favor for good behavior, gentleness, obedience, and that kind of thing; indeed, this want of veracity seems to me her one fault. Now, don't you think the fear of having her parents look coldly on her and think less well of her may be, to such a timid, clinging child, a great temptation to hide a fault?"

"Very likely; but one does not see how to act; would you pass over her faults altogether without inquiry or notice?"

"I'm afraid you must use the knife there boldly, for that is the tenderest way in the end. Show little Fan the depth of your love—that there is *no* fault you cannot forgive in her, but that the one fault which hurts you most is not to hear the exact truth."

"I see. Suppose she has broken a valuable vase and hides the fact, I am to unearth her secret—not, as I am very much inclined to do, let it lie buried for fear of involving her in worse falsehood, but show her the vase and tax her with hiding it."

"And her immediate impulse will be to say, 'I didn't.' No; make sure of your ground, then show her the pieces; say the vase was precious, but you do not mind about that; the thing that hurts you is that she should not trust her mother. I can imagine one of the lovely scenes you mothers have with your children. Too good for outsiders to look in upon!"

The tears came into my eyes for I could imagine the scene, too. Could see the way to draw my child closer and closer by *always* forgiving, always comprehending and loving her, and always protesting against the falsehood which would rise between us. I was lost in a delicious reverie; how I might sometime come to show her that her mother's ever-ready forgiveness was but a faint picture of what some one calls the "all-forgiving gentleness of God," when I heard John break in—

"Yes, I can see that if we both make a point of free and tender forgiveness of every fault, on condition that she owns up, we may, in time, cure her of lying out of sheer fear. But I don't see that she gets the principle of truth any more. The purely inventive lies go on as before, and the child is not to be trusted."

"'Purely inventive,' there you have it! Don't you see? The child is full of imagination, and figures to herself endless scenes, evolved like the German student's camel. The thousand and one things which *might* happen are so real to her that the child is, as you said, bewildered; hardly able to distinguish the one which has happened. Now, it's perfect nonsense to lament over this as a moral failing; it is a want of mental balance, not that any quality is deficient, but that her conceptive power runs away with her perceptive; she sees the many things that might be, more readily than the thing that is. Doesn't she delight in fairy tales?"

"Well, to tell the truth, we have thought them likely to foster her failing,

and have kept her a good deal on a diet of facts!"

"I shouldn't wonder if you are wrong there. An imperious imagination like Fanny's demands its proper nourishment. Let her have her daily meal: *The Babes in the Wood*, *The Little Match-Girl*, *The Snow-Maiden*, tales and legends half-historic; above all, the lovely stories of the Bible, whatever she can figure to herself and live over and over; but *not* twaddling tales of the daily doings of children like herself, whether funny or serious. The child wants an opening into the larger world, where all things are possible and where beautiful things are always happening. Give her, in some form, this necessary food, and her mind will be so full of delicious imaginings that she will be under no temptation to invent about the commonplaces of everyday life."

My husband laughed: "My dear Emma, you must let us do our best with the disease! the cure is too wild! 'Behold, this dreamer cometh!' think of sending the child through life with this label!"

"Your quotation is unfortunate, and you have not heard me out. I do believe that to starve her imagination would be to do real wrong to the child. But, at the same time, you must diligently cultivate the knowledge and the love of the truth. Now, the truth is no more than the fact as it is; and 'tis my belief that Fanny's falsehoods come entirely from want of perception of the fact through pre-occupation of mind."

"Well, what must we do?"

"Why, give her daily, or half-a-dozen times a day, lessons in truth. Send her to the window: 'Look out, Fanny, and tell me what you see.' She comes back, having seen a cow where there is a horse. She looks again and brings a true report, and you teach her that it is not true to say the thing which is not. You send a long message to the cook, requiring the latter to write it down as she receives it

and send you up the slate; if it is all right, the kiss Fanny gets is for speaking the truth; gradually, she comes to revere truth, and distinguishes between the facts of life where truth is all in all, and the wide realms of make-believe, where fancy may have free play."

"I do believe you are right, Emma; most of Fanny's falsehoods seem to be told in such pure innocence, I should not wonder if they do come out of the kingdom of make-believe. At any rate, we'll try Emma's specific, shall we, John?"

"Indeed, yes; and carefully, too. It seems to me to be reasonable, the more so, as we don't find any trace of malice in Fanny's misleading statements."

"Oh! if there were, the treatment would be less simple; first, you should deal with the malice, and then, *teach* the love of truth in daily lessons. That is the mistake so many people make. They think their children are capable of loving and understanding *truth* by nature, which

they are not. The best parents have to be on the watch to hinder all opportunities of misstatement."

"And, now, that you may see how much we owe you, let me tell you of the painful example always before our eyes, which has done more than anything to make me dread Fanny's failing. It is an open secret, I fear, but do not let it go further out of this house. You know Mrs. Casterton, our Vicar's wife? It is a miserable thing to say, but you cannot trust a word she utters. She tells you Miss So-and-So has a bad kind of scarlet fever, and even while she is speaking you know it is false; husband, children, servants, neighbors, none can be blind to the distressing fact, and she has acquired the sort of simpering manner a woman gets when she loses respect and self-respect. What, if Fanny had grown up like her?"

"Poor woman! and this shame might have been spared her, had her parents been alive to their duty!"

CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

ABNER GREEN'S WILL.

BY

JAMES C. PLUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a dispiriting view from the window, a stretch of dun, frost-killed meadows, then a brown expanse of plowed land in monotonous ridges. Overhead an unbroken veil of gray clouds hid the sky, and from them the rain fell steadily, as it had been falling for two days past. Miniature lakes had appeared in depressed sections of the meadow, and down the furrows of the plowed land ran little dirty rivers, on toward the highroad, where they met other dirty streams of the same mood as themselves, and joining issue set out to see

the world down a cart-rut. It was dispiriting to look at the sodden earth; dismal to listen to the continuous drip, drip of the water from a defective rain-spout overhead; comfortless to see the trees standing in mute suffering, naked to the storm, and apparently shivering with cold when a puff of wind agitated their branches; and it was discouraging to look up at the endless ashen pall, and see no rift where the sun might steal through a ray and get purchase to push the dripping mass away. One felt a fellow-feeling for the cock in the barnyard, who, impelled by a sense of duty to notify the

world that mid-day had come, climbed a dung-heap to give forth his crow, but even from that elevation the view was so depressing that with drooped tail he silently slunk back to the barn.

Sad and dreary was this day in the old age of the year, but as John Andrew turned his discontented gaze from the window to the thin, gray-tinted face of an old man sitting by the fire, he thought the day well suited the hard, sunless life drawing to its close.

He walked across the floor and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Come, Mr. Green," said he, persuasively, "you promised me you would sign your will to-day. Here is the will drawn up to your satisfaction, and the two farm hands are in the barn. I can call them up to witness your signature."

"My! my! there's no such hurry, Andrew," returned the old man, with a petulant whine. "I aint a-going to die right away. I've only had one stroke of the paralytics, an' it takes three to kill. Look at old man Hooper up at the Forks! He's had two, an' see how spry he is."

"But, Mr. Green," said the lawyer, "the signing of your will does not bring death a second nearer, and it does not make your property one whit less yours until you are dead, and then you won't want it."

"Wait till to-morrow," returned the old man, obstinately.

"To-morrow may not come to you or to me," replied John Andrew, earnestly; "remember, Mr. Green, if you die without a will, that friendless little girl down-stairs is a penniless beggar. She is doomed to drudge her life away as a farm servant, for no one in the village will hold out a helping hand to the little stranger. I am too poor to take her, too many mouths open now for food in my nest to take another. Besides, your nearest kin are well-to-do folks. They have never visited you, and they do not need your

money. Do this act of justice now, and rejoice in it if you die the next moment or live fifty years more."

"But there'll be plenty of time, Andrew," said the old man. "I'm not a-going to die; I'll be up an' about in a day or two."

"Why put it off," urged the lawyer. "You lose nothing by giving away your money after you are dead. You can't take it with you."

Mr. Green winced as though this impotence mentioned had given him many a throb of anguish, but he only repeated drowsily:

"To-morrow'll do. Come to-morrow, an' I'll sign it."

The lawyer stood for a moment as if considering the advisability of continuing the attack, but seeing that the old man had closed his eyes, he walked to the door, saying:

"Good day, Mr. Green; I will call to-morrow morning."

He paused on the threshold and looked at the thin face where the touch of death's fingers so plainly showed, then, with a hopeless gesture, he went down-stairs.

"The old miser!" he ejaculated, "he'll cling to his dollars till death unloosens his fingers. Heaven help Issie if he dies to-night!"

With a peevish impatience he unfastened the halter which had restrained a very subdued looking cob from going back home out of the weather, and getting in his gig plashed away down the muddy turnpike.

Abner Green sat dozing before the fire for nearly an hour after the lawyer had left. He moved himself every now and then uneasily, for a dull, deadening sensation would creep over him, and he was obliged to move to shake it off. Could this be death? Nonsense! he would be better to-morrow, well the next day.

How monotonously the water dripped, like some clock ticking away the hours of his life. Again, that feeling as if his left

side was asleep, and he called out in a weak voice:

"Issie, Issie."

There was the sound of footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs. A slapping sound as if the one making it wore slippers grievously down at the heel, and a girl, about thirteen years old, came in the room. She was very slightly built, angular as to shape, and sallow as to complexion. An ugly little girl to a casual observer, though a more careful scrutiny might note a promise in the glorious black eyes of a sun that would rise some day and illumine the face into beauty. As it was the said face was very dirty, a chicken feather clung to her nose, and several were mixed up with her hair. There were blood stains also on face, hands, and clothes.

"The soup will be ready presently, uncle," said the girl. "I've just killed the chicken."

"Did you kill an old hen, Issie?" asked Abner Green.

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure you killed an old hen, are you, Issie? one that would lay no more eggs. It would be a pity to kill a young chicken, Issie," continued the old man.

"This one was as old as—as I dunno what, uncle, an' I killed it myself just like Nannie does. I took it an' I bit its neck with my teeth, so," and she snapped her white teeth, "an' then I swung it around, an' the head came off just as nice."

"Well, you make the soup," returned Abner; "and, Issie, is Ben and Jim about?"

"Yes, sir, in the barn."

"Idling, I suppose, because it happens to rain," grumbled the old man.

"No, sir, they are grinding the axes, an' the scythes, an' other things," replied Issie, standing in the doorway.

"Well, tell Ben and Jim to come up to my room by and by. I want to give them some orders."

"Yes, sir," and the slippers slapped

down-stairs, and presently Ben and Jim came stumbling up in their heavy boots.

Issie paid no manner of attention to them; she felt no curiosity as to what orders they would receive, but busily poked little chips into the fire to stimulate the appetite of the flames for the larger logs. Having by dint of blowing succeeded, she swung the crane over the now crackling fire and putting the dismembered fowl into a pot hung it to the crane. Having done this, she heaved a sigh of relief, and was about to sit down on a bench when she exclaimed:

"Gemini! I forgot the salt!" She remedied this defect, and, glancing around to see that no other necessary component of the soup was missing, she took from the cupboard a stout sweet potato and proceeded to inter it in the smoking ashes. Then something scratched at the door, and she admitted a very rough looking dog, who at once curled himself before the fire and started licking the rain-drops from his shaggy coat, casting glances of affection at his mistress; the girl, seated on the bench before the fire, now roaring and leaping into the dark vacuum of the chimney, looked a perfect atom of smallness in the wide room, the bare, cold walls of which seemed to have grown up from the bare, cold floor, like some unwholesome fungus, and to have blossomed into the splotched ceiling. Indeed, she looked small enough to be carried bodily up the wide chimney by some draught of extra strength. Ten years ago, a man named Gray moved into Ryeville accompanied by a wife and a two-years' old child. He was poor, and rented a tumble-down cottage from Abner Green, taking out the rent as far as he was able in work, by which arrangement Abner profited very much, for the hovel was unfit for any one to inhabit. Gray was not used to work; he evidently had stepped down from his proper position in life, and, as he kept his own counsel, nobody knew much about him and nobody cared much. Ryeville

was godly if it was anything, and the Grays never went to church. That looked bad, and people said he could never prosper, and prosper he certainly did not. The hard work did not suit him, and it broke down his wife; she fell ill, and as a cottage where the rain trickles through the ceiling and where the wind has a free pass through the walls, is not a position favorable to recovery, she became worse. Gray time and again besought Mr. Green to at least repair the roof, so his sick wife could be kept dry and warm, but Mr. Green declined on the score of not being able to afford it. Mrs. Gray grew worse, and the ladies of the village, after prayer-meeting, resolved to go and pray with her. Then it leaked out from some question that the marriage ceremony had never been performed between Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and the ladies and their prayers remained at home. The cold fall rains come though, trickling through the roof, and the sharp-toothed winds whistled wild songs as they tore in the crevices of the hut, and cruelly bit the pinched faces of the sick woman and her child, and they bit her so savagely, that one day John Gray spent all his money for a deal box, and saw his wife put to rest in the grave, an abode not much damper and certainly more wind-proof than the house she had occupied when alive. Ten days after, Abner Green walked over to the hovel to see why Gray did not come to work out his rent, and found a hollow-eyed, pinched-faced little girl, sobbing by the side of her dead father. Some people said Mr. Green felt remorse at having refused to repair the hut, others declared that the old man merely expected to get a servant at very little cost; at any rate, Issie Gray went home with Abner Green, and grew up in his house. While Mr. Green's ideas about child-rearing would hardly coincide with those of the majority of people, still, in his hard, sordid way he was kind to the little orphan, and denied her nothing that he allowed himself, but, as the old

gentleman deprived himself of every luxury and of a great many things other people called necessities, this did not mean doing very much.

He never sent her to school, declaring that enough "edication 'ud come naturally to a person" to enable him to get along in the world. Hence Issie grew up a wild weed—she was bold and yet timid. She feared no snake that crawled or dog or bull that walked, and yet hid herself if a neighbor happened to call. She had no companions save Dash, the dog, Nan, the old colored cook who worked in Mr. Green's kitchen at intervals, and the farm hands. Quick to learn, she knew every tree in the woods, shrub on the hedges, and flower in the meadow, and could not spell the simplest of the names she spoke so glibly. She probably loved Abner, Dash, and her chickens alike, and certainly it seemed easier to love the two latter than the stern old man. Abner Green loved her in his way, though he only showed it by the softening of his harsh voice when he spoke to her, and the expression that flitted over his frosty old face like a glint of sunshine when he looked at her. When his health failed and he was forced to rent out his farm, he sent for John Andrew, the village lawyer, and directed him to draw up a will leaving all his possessions to Issie Gray. Then came the wrench to his sordid heart of signing away his money. He could not bring himself to do it, and the lawyer, who knew him well, was very anxious, especially after the paralytic stroke, lest his procrastination should result in Issie being left penniless, and a girl burdened with a stained name without money was in the lawyer's eyes an object worthy of the deepest sympathy. But Abner Green did not believe he would die, and he could not bring himself to give away that which had taken all his hard, stinted life to accumulate. Perhaps, if he had discovered some method of carrying his money to that other world, love or no love, Issie

Gray would have found herself a beggar. This was the position of affairs when the lawyer, after his ineffectual arguments, left the house in his muddy gig. Issie sat for some time gazing dreamily at the odd tricks of the fire. Now a tiny jet of flame would lap itself around a sullen, obstinate-looking log, as if measuring it, and then retire to consult with its snapping brethren about the best way of consuming it. Then another stronger emissary would play about the doomed log, then another and another, until the conquerors were snapping and cracking over their prey, and sending sparks of rejoicing into the black void of the chimney. The soup bubbled contentedly, and the sweet potato gave forth wheezy complaints from its bed on the ashes as if half suffocated. How the rain pelted against the window as if it spitefully hated the bright fire, and wanted to get in and extinguish it. Some adventurous drops managed to creep underneath the clap-boards and make little splotches on the wall, doing their best to make things generally uncomfortable. The two men came down from up-stairs and stood for a moment before the fire, but Issie sat motionless and asked them no questions as to what Abner had wanted of them, and after a few moments they silently went to the barn, leaving her with the firelight shining on her dark hair and wafting gleams across her fallow face. Sizz! went the pot, and Issie, starting up from her fire worship, removed it and poured its contents into a bowl. Then she took a loaf and cut a slice, carefully measuring the size before she did so, lest Abner should reprimand her for cutting more than was necessary.

Having accomplished this to her satisfaction, she took the bowl and bread in her hands and went up-stairs.

The old man was sitting before the meagre fire, half asleep; he roused himself when the girl entered, and shivered, for the room was chill. Issie noted this and hastened to throw some wood on the

hearth, but, as Abner still trembled with cold, she brought from the cupboard an old silk jacket, a piece of finery that in some unknown way had come into Abner Green's possession.

"Put this on under your coat, uncle," said she.

It was a rather difficult undertaking, for the lining of the jacket was badly torn, but when the old man had put on his coat over the jacket, he said he felt very comfortable.

"Eat your soup, uncle," said Issie.

The old man stirred it with the spoon and said with a frown of vexation:

"There's rice in it. I hope, Issie, you haven't been buyin' rice?"

"No, sir. Mr. Andrew brought it. Miss Andrew sent it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Green, "John Andrew brought it, that's all right," and he listlessly tasted the soup, for he had no appetite.

"Issie," he said suddenly, looking wistfully at the girl, "suppose some one, some stranger, nobody that you ever heard of, was to give you a lot of money—just suppose, you know—what would you do with it?"

The girl stared at the old man. Such a problem had never presented itself to her.

"A whole heap of money, uncle?" she asked; "as much as Mr. French has?"

"No, no," said Abner, hastily; "nothing like so much, just a small lot of money, and only suppose, you know."

"If I had a whole heap of money," said the girl, slowly, as if weighing each word, "I'd buy a red collar for Dash, an' some tobacco for Ben, an' a red an' green dress for Nan, an' a coat with fur on the collar, like that man had who drove through the village last winter in a sleigh—that 'ud be for you, uncle—"

"Is that all?" asked Abner Green.

"No. I'd get some red dresses for myself, an' a bonnet, an' some cake an' candy, an', oh! I'd get some of those little

teenty chickens like Mr. French has; they never grow big, uncle, they just stay little cute things—"

"Is that all?" repeated the old man, uneasily.

"Why, if it was a whole heap of money, an' I had any left, I—I'd get a pianner."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Green.

"A pianner," repeated the girl, a little frightened, then explanatorily, "you make music with it; Miss French has one, an' Nan says—"

"Issie," interrupted the old man, with a wistful, imploring expression in his eyes, "if you had a lot of money give you, you wouldn't put it away and spend ever so little, and work hard while it grew bigger and bigger every year; you wouldn't do that, Issie?"

"Why, no, uncle," she answered, wonderingly. "What 'ud be the good of it if I didn't get nothing with it?"

The old man sighed deeply, and petulantly pushed away the uneaten soup.

"Aint you goin' to eat the soup, uncle?" asked Issie.

"Not now, I'm not hungry. By and by, by and by; don't waste it, Issie; put it away; I'll want it by and by."

The girl took the bowl and carried it down-stairs, looking rather hungrily at its contents, but she did not touch it, and putting it away in a cupboard, proceeded to peel the skin off the sweet potato.

She had barely begun the enjoyment of this delicacy, when a sharp rap at the front door caused her to start.

Issie arose, and regretfully laying aside her potato, walked to the door. She was very much surprised to see a strange man standing on the porch engaged in a struggle with a dropsical looking umbrella, which apparently refused to allow itself to be furled. He paused in his task when the door opened, and said in a rather sing-song voice:

"Is Abner Green at home, young woman?"

"Yes, sir, but he's sick," returned Issie, peering at the questioner through the aperture of the partly open door.

"Sick!" exclaimed the man, elevating his eyes. "Oh! flesh, flesh! you are but grass and must wither some day, and how long has my dear brother been sick?"

"Uncle's been sick about a month," answered Issie.

"Uncle!" repeated the man, severely, "don't try to deceive me, little girl. The only niece Abner Green has is at my home in Cobbtown."

Issie was so much discomposed at this statement that she tried to shut the door, but the man, having by this time crushed his umbrella into submission, suddenly interposed his strength, and pushing the door open walked into the house.

He was a tall, sleek man, with a smooth face that seemed to crease when he spoke or smiled; he had a way when he talked of looking around as if addressing a concourse of people.

"And how is my brother, Abner Green?" he said, looking around the room. "I heard in the village he was lying low."

As Issie had grave doubts about the man's addressing her, though there was no one else present, she made no reply.

"What ails my afflicted relative?" repeated the visitor, this time fixing his watery eyes on Issie.

"They say he has a paralytic," she replied, uneasily.

"Ah! ah!" said the man, and then speaking alternately to the chimney and the chairs, he continued: "What are we, after all? We may be strong, we may be eloquent, we may be rich, but we really are nothing but wurrums." He appeared to be so delighted with this address that he remained silent several minutes as if waiting applause, and Issie summoned up courage to ask:

"What do you want, sir?"

The man made no reply in words, but he carefully stood his umbrella in a corner, and with a wrench of his body

divested himself of his overcoat, which he placed over a chair, then removing his hat, walked into the kitchen and stood before the fire, humming a tune.

Issie followed him in astonishment, and after staring at him for several minutes, asked doubtfully:

"Are you goin' to stay here?"

"Little girl," said the sleek man, creasing up his mouth into a smile, "I am Hiram Jagers, of Cobbtown, the father of Mary Ann Jagers, the only living blood relation of Abner Green—his niece, in fact. It was brought to me that my relative was nearing the dark valley, and Gord bid me come to smooth the way and soothe his last moments. When can I see my dear brother?"

"Uncle don't see nobody but me an' the doctor an' Mr. Andrew," returned Issie.

"Tush, tush!" said Mr. Jagers, waving his hand. "We must not give way too much to the queerishness of sick people, we must be firm; and who is Mr. John Andrew, little girl?"

"He's a lawyer," replied Issie.

"Ah, a lawyer!" exclaimed Mr. Jagers, with interest. "And what does Abner want with him?"

"I dunno," answered Issie, "they talk a heap."

"Hum!" said Mr. Jagers, "take me to my brother, my afflicted relative, little girl."

Issie hesitated a moment; she knew Abner Green had refused to see any one save the doctor and John Andrew since his illness, and she felt very doubtful as to Mr. Jagers being welcomed, but as he called Abner brother, and talked so grandly, she led the way up-stairs. The old man had marked the sound of Mr. Jagers's heavy step on the stairs, for when they entered the room he was looking toward the door. There was a startled expression on his face, as if he had very nearly been caught doing something he wished to keep secret, and he was just

withdrawing his hand from the inside pocket of his coat. His countenance quickly hardened when Mr. Jagers stepped into the room.

"Ah!" said he, "it's you, is it? I thought you'd come sooner or later."

"I'm glad you expected me," said Mr. Jagers, with fervor. "I love to have people expect me to do my duty, and it plainly is the duty of a professing Christian to hasten to a fellow-mortal who has fallen by the wayside, and more especially if that mortal is one of his kin."

"Buzzards an' crows come about a creetur' when they think he's a-goin' to die," remarked Mr. Green.

Mr. Jagers passed this rather uncomplimentary comparison unnoticed, and continued: "I have come to my brother to do what I can to assist and comfort him. Just make use of me."

"The buzzards an' crows come for free pickin's, an' they make no bones of it either, but sometimes the creetur' don't die, an' I aint a-goin' to die, Hiram Jagers. This is my first stroke of the paralytics, an' it takes three to kill, so I'll be up an' a-doin' in a day or two," and with these words the old man gazed at Mr. Jagers as though he had gotten considerably the best of him.

"Praise be to Gord," replied Mr. Jagers, piously uplifting his eyes, but without any strong intonation of joy at this news in his voice. "We are but wurrums, all of us, and only live a day compared with everlasting eternity;" then drawing a chair close to the old man, he continued in a cozy voice: "Mary Ann, your own sister's child, was very anxious to come, but Gord saw fit to give her a misery in the back, and she couldn't. O Abner! she sent such lots of love and messages."

"Yes, yes," said Abner, hastily, as if he feared the messages might be delivered. "I know, I know."

"You see, my dear brother, we have not forgotten you, though miles separate us."

"An' heerin' I was about to die," interrupted the old man, "you come a-runnin' to see what I was a-goin' to do with my money."

"Lucre, lucre," sighed Mr. Jaggers. "Gord has loaned me and mine enough to keep us from want, and we must try to do well with what He has loaned us. If He sees fit to burden us more, His will be done."

"Well," interrupted Abner, "you won't have any more burden right away, for I aint a-goin' to die."

"Have you arranged your property, brother," inquired Mr. Jaggers, rather anxiously, and glancing at Issie. "We

are but"—he was about to say worms, but recollecting that these creatures ordinarily are not troubled with property, he substituted "mortals, and it is best to be prepared for what may happen."

"If you mean, have I made a will," said Abner, "why, what's the hurry, even if I intend to make one?"

"My dear brother," exclaimed Mr. Jaggers, warmly, "oh! let us dismiss all thoughts of money and strive for a holy calm;" and Mr. Jaggers, with a much relieved countenance, fell into a pleasant fit of musing, and Issie, leaving them sitting before the fire, slipped down-stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRECKER. X

"**MANDÉ!** *Neom de Dieu, Mandé!* What are you doing here?"

He turned on her with a hoarse murmur. It was evident enough what he was doing: it was hardly worth his while to try to answer her.

The girl (she was little more than a girl, though that was her baby at her breast, wrapped in the shawl which the night wind was trying to snatch away) suddenly went down on her knees between him and the edge of the wind-swept cliff.

The lantern in his hand flung its rays up on the two faces: hers white and strained with fear and horror; his with a sullen fire in the eyes that sank slowly from hers.

His voice was sullen too:

"Why not, Angèle? Our people use to do it in Bretagne in the old time, I've heard. The sea was a good cow, they said, what she let down to them, they took."

She made no answer: staring up at him with her pale lips apart.

"What is there left?" he said again, with sudden passion. "It is for Angèle, I say to myself. For Angèle. Am I to stand by with folded hands, and see everything pass from us, and never make a clutch at anything within reach? Or to go down on my knees, like Angèle, to the saints who are supping together up yonder in paradise, and care nothing that we starve down here?"

"To the saints?" The strong sobs took her by the throat, and shook her from head to foot, and the baby on her breast. "To the saints?—pray God it is not to a devil I am kneeling! Mandé, O *mon homme!* if the evil one had not entered into you, had not taken possession of you, body and soul, would you be here on this dreadful errand to night?"

She was speaking in the Acadian French of this Cape Breton district, its softened accent softer yet in her quivering voice. But suddenly it was strung up to a pitch of passionate denunciation, in

answer to her husband's stammering repetition :

"—This dreadful errand to-night?"

"Ah, do you think I do not know what it is? And I must put it into words?—that you were trying to lure yonder steamer ashore on the rocks!"

It was her regular day when she would be making for the Gut of Canso on her return-trip to Halifax: Angèle knew that as well as her husband. She could tell the steamer's lights, also, from those of the thousands of sailing vessels passing near-by through the Gut. The fog had crept close to it all day, filling St. George's Bay; only kept off-shore here by the high and rocky promontory that held it back, as fogs will sometimes be held back at one point and another. As evening fell, the sun went down in a golden mist through which it could not pierce; and when the light-houses kindled their lanterns, they too were quenched in the dense vapor. Only close at hand, here where the mist held off, could one see anything at all: the steamer's labored breath told of her approach, before there shone the faint and watery glimmer of her lights.

Very slowly was she coming; the great engine panting like a thing in pain. To Angèle, listening with a tension of nerves the strain of which was even physical, the steamer seemed alive with all the souls within her, and palpitating with fear of the cruel rocks lying in wait for her.

"She thinks she is making Port Hood!" said Angèle, with bated breath.

For the fog was confusing everything; here blurring a light, there blotting one out altogether. In clear weather, the light-house at the northern entrance of the Gut throws its powerful fixed white beacon far and wide over the bay, where Cape St. George and Port Hood far away on either hand give back the signal in white and red. But to-night, there is nothing to guide. Only that treacherous, false guide, Mandé Trémazan's lantern,

which a moment ago heaved up and down on the beach under the cliff, like a ship's light in a safe anchorage.

It was not shining seaward now. As Angèle knelt there, her husband had turned its dark side.

Still she knelt on in that breathless attitude; listening, staring into the dimness, whence the steamer's panting approach made itself heard.

So intently listening, that she never knew when Mandé for a moment left her.

"Angèle—"

She started and turned her white face round upon him, in the light of the lantern once more swinging in his hold.

White and drawn and haggard; staring up at him with wide eyes of despair.

"You have done your work well, Mandé," she said, speaking in a stifled voice: "Well! The ship lies yonder on the reef."

"But, yes. I have done my work. I go to finish it."

She started to her feet with a low cry.

Then first she saw he carried a pair of oars slung over his shoulder.

"Mandé! *ça m'a peurit! ça m'a peurit!*"

She looked terrified indeed, as she said. She was staring up at him, as if he could not surely be her Mandé, but the very Evil One incarnate, who had tempted him to this utter ruin, body and soul.

The man's dark face was hardly lightened by a bitter smile.

"Wish me luck in my work, Angèle."

He had shifted his lantern to the left hand, which also supported the oars. He put his right under her chin, and lifted her face toward him so.

"Good-bye, my wife." It was adieu, not *au revoir*, as she remembered afterward. And then he stooped his head to kiss her.

Perhaps it was the very frenzy of

horror in that upturned face which stopped him.

He did not kiss her. His bearded lips just brushed the cheek of the baby sleeping on her breast.

"For Angèle," he said, hoarse and hurried: "for Angèle."

And turned sharply on his heel, and strode away.

The two Angèles, mother and child, dropped down upon the ground together. Only the little Angèle was safe in the shelter of the mother's bosom: it was the mother who crouched there unsheltered from the storm of anguish and horror which shook her to the heart.

If she had clung to him—if she had held him fast—if she had forced him to drop her and his child over the cliff with him, rather than let him go away to finish that wicked work of his!

And now it was too late. She could only crouch down there on the edge of the cliff, and watch the lights of that doomed ship fixed among the rocks.

How long? Perhaps it was not far to dawn, when she first awoke, and missed her husband, and came out; perhaps the time went by unmeasured as an eternity of dull despair. But the gray light increased little by little on the hills behind her; and the wind began to drive the fog before it, as it rose with the tide that swept in swirling eddies through its fifteen miles of course pent in between the lofty shores of Canso.

Through the ragged gray curtains trailing off across the water, Angèle could make out the steamer wedged on the rocks that ran out in a bristling abattis from the steep rampart of the shore.

How she got down to the shore, she could never have told. Only that, as she stood there, there was a bustle of hurrying figures all about her; the sea was washing ashore boxes and barrels, cargo which had been cast overboard in the vain hope of lightening the ship to the point of floating her off the reef. The baby was awake,

and leaping in its mother's arms; and at her feet, outstretched—

Ah, there was light enough to show Angèle that! She went down on her knees beside the prostrate body.

The men gathered about it stood back suddenly from it, as if somehow they understood.

A burst of sunshine slanting down the hillside, reached beyond the shadows, and flashed out in the white, upturned face. It made a mockery of a smile on the set lips, and in its light the half-open eyes seemed to glance, with a glassy glitter in them, up at Angèle.

"*Mon homme*," she says, brokenly: "*mon homme!*"

And the little child, who has slid unheeded from the mother's arms, creeps in its baby-fashion over the dry sand-blown seaweed, and with a gurgle of delight reaches out its dimpled hands and pats the upturned face.

"Dada, dada!"

Is it some new game the father has invented for baby's delectation? It is a merry game: the little one crows over it, the shrill, small voice piercing the momentary hush that seemed but deepened and shut in by the hoarse murmur of the tide about them dropping at the shingle.

"*Mon homme*—"

So the two Angèles claim him where he lies—slain, the wife says to her heart, slain by these men whom he would have betrayed to death.

Yet, even so, he is her own. She stretches out her arms over the body as if she would protect it from the cruel stare of his enemies.

His enemies? What is this that is sounding in her ears:

"—Your man? A man every inch of him, doing the work of ten men this night. It is his work that every soul on board is saved. From the moment he pulled out to us we knew that we were saved. He seemed to know every rock and eddy, and to bear a charmed life—

until—. It was a falling spar, that struck him that last boat-load. He never spoke—”

Yes, he has spoken as if his lips were not rigid in death; his words go through

and through her, and she cannot hear this other speaker standing over her.

“For Angèle,” is what his voice says, “for Angèle.”

AUTHOR “LITTLE MAID OF ACADIE.”

MIS' WILK'SON'S TOOTH. X

“OF course I aint got no cause fer to ask you if you ever noticed that one of my front teeth's clean gone,” began Mis' Wilk'son, and none of us possessed that quantity of urbane politeness which might have formed the words: “I never noticed,” as an answer, for a front tooth, be it too big or too little, is noticeable, and a front tooth “clean gone” is more noticeable still.

“Well, it's bin a long time sence it come out, and it wouldn't a come out then ef I hadn't a fell down the stairs while I was carryin' Billy, and knocked my face against the wall. I didn't have no time to make a furse over the tooth, I was so taken up with makin' a furse over the baby. I reckon I was about as glad that day as ever I was in my life, on account of the baby escapin' without a scratch, and laughin' and thinkin' it was high fun.

“Now, who do you suppose was the first person to make a furse about the tooth? Why, Billy, when he was a-goin' on fourteen, the youngest boy in his class, and so smart and ambitious. He worried himself most sick 'cause one of them little rascals in the school drew me on the slate, and asked the others who was it, and they all snickered and said they didn't need more'n a single guess.

“Billy said he couldn't stand it and he wouldn't; that *his* mother was better'n any o' their'n.

“I heered him tell Mary 'bout it, and

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Mary persuadin' him not to mind, 'cause it didn't really make no difference nohow; but Billy was mad.

“I couldn't help but notice how, as he begun, from that time forward, to savin' up his money in bank. He'd bin forever breakin' the bank, that it seemed queer to watch him puttin' in and not takin' out. Mary said she was feered he was gettin' to be a miser; but I only laughed. I knowed Billy Wilk'son would never make no kind of miser. Mary was wrong and I was right.

“One afternoon he come in glowin' all over, ‘he'd done sold his skates,’ he said, ‘and now he was goin' to break his bank.’

“‘I want you to go somewheres with me, mother,’ says he, crowdin' his money into his pockets like a man, most of it big coppers and five-cent pieces.

“‘Law! Billy,’ says I, wonderin', ‘where?’

“‘Jest somewheres,’ says he.

“‘That aint no way to talk to mother,’ interposes Mary. ‘When she asks you *where*, why don't you name the place?’ Mary wanted to know herself.

“‘Go 'long, Billy,’ says I, ‘I'll get my bonnet and be with you in a minute. I have to go to see Liny Allen's baby, anyhow.’

“The next minute Billy and me was on the street.

“I seen he was happy 'bout somethin' the way his eyes was dancin', and he could scarcely keep from whistlin'.

"Aint you goin' to tell me *where*, Billy?" says I.

"Then he wheeled 'round in the middle of the pavement.

"To the dentist's," says he, and commenced to laugh.

"Billy," says I, 'it was Mary who was sufferin' with the toothache.'

"I aint thinkin' 'bout Mary's teeth," says he. 'I aint thinkin' 'bout no teeth that people's got, I'm thinkin' 'bout one tooth that somebody aint got. When you come out of Dr. Winn's you'll feel like you'd never fell down them steps,' and Billy jingled his money.

"I knowed then that he was goin' to buy me a tooth.

"The time we had at the dentist's! Billy was so partic'lar that it should be of the best.

"And it aint got to look like it was false, neither," says he, frownin' at the Doctor.

"Dr. Winn smiled. 'It'll look as natural as I can make it,' says he.

"Is them of Mis' Hooker's your work?" inquires Billy.

"Yes," says the Doctor, half-pleased.

"They's too white," says Billy, emphatically, 'they's the color of an old dead horse's teeth.'

"Billy!" cries I, shocked.

"Did you make Mis' Laurence's?" asks Billy, payin' no heed to me. And mind no one knowed Mis' Laurence's was false 'ceptin' Billy.

"Yes," answers the Doctor, growin' a trifle mad, 'have you any fault to find with them?'

"They're too little," says Billy, for all the world as ef he had studied the business; 'too short.'

"That's true," says the Doctor, brightenin'. 'I told her so, but she insisted on havin' 'em thataway.'

"Mis' Mor's is yellor," says Billy.

"She don't keep 'em in order," says the Doctor.

"How could you make this 'n' look as

if it had growed there stead o' *you* makin' it?" inquires Billy, setting down in the biggest cheer in the room, and crossin' his legs. 'I'm willin' to pay fer it. I've got money enough fer a good job. I've got two dollars and nineteen cents.'

"Dr. Winn commenced a-laughin'. 'I tell you what,' says he, 'I can put a gold fillin' in it ef you wish.'

"Very well," says Billy, 'how long'll it be 'fore you git through?'

"I'll send it over in a couple o' days," says he; 'I'll have to get the impression and the composition has to go through the process of hardenin'.' I can't say them was his exact words but they was to that effect.

"I was glad to see Billy took it reasonable, even ef he was turrible disappointed. He counted out his money with sech a business air and made the Doctor count it after him to make sure it was all fair and square. The Doctor give me orders how I was to put the tooth in when it come, and then we went home.

"Don't tell Mary," says Billy, and made me vow I wouldn't. 'Seein's believin',' says he, 'let her wait till a Wednesday.'

"A Wednesday it come, and I never did see a boy so pleased as Billy when I tried it on. It fit perfectly, but I had a sort of uneasy feelin'—seemed as ef it was droppin' out—but 'twasn't. Mary entered the room sudden and looked hard at me.

"Law, mother!" she didn't get no further'n that, but I seen she was most as pleased as Billy.

"I proposed to lay it by and keep it fer Sunday, but they both jumped at me and declared I was to wear it every day and Sunday, too.

"I don't know how it may be when you've got a set of teeth from a dentist's in your mouth, but one solitary tooth gives a worryin' sort of feelin'. I wouldn't a said so to Billy for worlds, so when we went to supper and I laid it beside my

plate, I let on as I was afraid I'd bite too hard on it and break it.

"We was over to Liddy Snails' one evenin', Mary and Billy and me, and I got to laughin' at some o' Liddy's tales, which never *was* true, when Billy sidles up to me and whispers: 'Mother, you're losin' somethin'.'

"I quit laughin', and after awhile I made a pretense and left the room. I was afeered my balmoral string had given way, but there wasn't nothin' wrong.

"I went back and Liddy commenced again, and a second time Billy sidles up. 'Be keerful, mother,' he whispers, 'you're a losin' somethin'.'

"'Good gracious, Billy!' says I, 'what is it?'

"But he put his finger to his lip as ef he dasn't say, and I got out in the passage again and Mary with me.

"'Datter,' says I, 'I want to know what it is I'm losin'.' And I turned round and round, and Mary said as she couldn't see nothin'.

"'Does my white skirt show?' says I.

"'No'm,' says Mary.

"But I wasn't satisfied. I sent her in after Billy.

"'What *am* I losin', Billy?' says I. I seen he didn't like bein' called out the room, but he never was a boy to say an unkind word to his mother.

"'It's your tooth,' he explained; 'when you laugh anyways hearty it seems as ef it gets loose. I'm goin' round to see Dr. Winn about it.'

"'Utterin' a person's name is sure to bring the subject under discussion. We hadn't no sooner got back in the parlor then Liddy struck up on dentists, and asked me ef Dr. Winn was our'n.

"'Yes,' says I, proudly, thinkin' of Billy breakin' his bank and knowin' it wouldn't make him conceited ef I was to tell about it before him.

"'You see this tooth here side o' the other?'

"'Yes,' says she, 'I noticed.'

"'He put the fillin' in,' says Billy, quickly.

"'Ah!' says she, 'yes, I see.'

"And then Billy commenced a-talkin', and when Billy commences a-talkin' all a body's got to do is set and listen. It's thataway now, and it was thataway then. He told us 'bout the circus men till our heads swim, and all he'd bin readin' in the papers of murders and railroad accidents and two steamships comin' together, and I don't know what not.

"At supper I took my tooth out as usual and enjoyed a hearty meal. Once I seen Billy look at me kind o' skeered, but he pretended he didn't see nothin' and went on eatin'. But when we was goin' home that night, I says sudden:

"'Billy, my tooth!'

"'Where is it?' cries he.

"'I left it on the supper-table,' says I; 'you'll have to hurry back fer it fore Liddy shakes the cloth.'

"'And you didn't get the pickle recipe either,' says Mary.

"'I'll get the pickle recipe,' says Billy, eagerly.

"'And my tooth, too, Billy,' says I.

"'Yes'm,' says Billy, and he set off in a run.

"He didn't come in till a hour after we got home, then he had 'em both, the pickle recipe and the tooth. He said as he had a time gettin' the recipe as Liddy said it was up-stairs, she didn't know where; she'd look it up to-morrow ef he was in a hurry; but he said he'd wait.

"The only thing Billy ever said 'bout my leavin' the tooth on Liddy's supper-table was this, and I knowed then what Billy was about; he sneaked and got the tooth while Liddy was up-stairs, he said it persuadin', with his arms around me so's he wouldn't make me mad:

"'Mother don't you think mebbe when you go visitin', ef you're keerful you might keep your tooth in at meals? It

wouldn't hurt to bite on it now and then, it's made o' the best materials, I paid two dollars and nineteen cents fer it.'

"I promised as I'd try.

"I managed as good as I could, but to save my soul I couldn't help but conclude that tooth was gettin' looser'n looser. I had to be cautious 'bout laughin' in comp'ny, fer when jest Billy and me and Mary was together several times it dropped down in my lap, and once it fell on to the floor without my knowledge. I can't tell when I would a found it was gone, ef that evenin' Billy hadn't brought it to me. He'd picked it up as soon as it'd dropped.

"Where've you bin with it, Billy?" says I.

"He got a trifle red in the face, but he always was one fer ownin' up. 'I've been to the dentist's with it,' says he.

"What does he say's the reason of it droppin' out thataway?"

"Billy 'peared like he didn't want to tell, but I plagued him until at last he let out as Dr. Winn said there wasn't nothin' the matter, a body had only to be partic'lar, that was all.

"I was more cautious than ever, before comp'ny. It got round the neighborhood, mind you, that I wasn't my old self, not near so cheerful and full o' talk, that I seemed uneasy and sort o' low spirited. I was provoked that sech talk should reach the children.

"Billy declared there wasn't one word of it true, and he reckoned ef there was many people over at Wash Dickens's taffy-pullin' a next Friday, they'd see as his mother was as cheerful as most folks, and more so.

"Well, there was a power of people at the taffy-pullin', and 'fore I knowed it I clear forgot my tooth, and was laughin' away like I was a girl with a chestnut in the coals.

"Almiry Dickens is a woman in a thousand. Thinks she was goin' to put her own children to bed and watch others enjoyin' themselves ef they was older 'n hers? No, indeedie. Even the baby was allowed

to set up at taffy-pullin's. She was runnin' about the floor in around, among everybody, enjoyin' herself fust-rate, the pertiest little thing with yaller hair that a'most curled ef you looked at it.

"In the midst of the taffy pullers I seen Mary's eyes flashin' brighter 'n any other gals there, and Billy standin' up 'most as tall as some of the young men, a-makin' taffy ducks.

"I think people ought fer to encourage sech thing's as taffy-pullin's, but nowadays 'pears as ef the gals don't keer about gettin' molasses on their fingers.

"All of a sudden the Dickens's baby commenced a-screamin' and a-coughin' and a-gaspin'. Her mother ran and picked her up, and beat her on the back, and beat her, and beat her, but she wouldn't quit.

"It's a piece of taffy gone down the wrong way,' cries Wash, 'bring it up, mother, as fast as you can.'

"But 'peared as ef she couldn't.

"I'm goin' fer Dr. Hicks,' says Wash, frightened, and was off.

"I believe it's a button,' says Almiry, and began to cry softly while she kept on beatin'. Then my heart jumped into my mouth.

"Billy,' I hollered at the top of my lungs, 'Billy, have you seen anything of my tooth?"

"Billy's face got whiter 'n the wall. He stood stock still where he was fer an instant, then he hollers jest as loud as I had hollered, and louder:

"I'm goin' fer Dr. Winn,' he hollers, and he was off.

"It wasn't long before back come Billy with Dr. Winn, whose house was across the street from the Dickens's, and him a wonderin' and lookin' that perplexed, and Billy orderin' him as if he was his slave.

"What is it?" says he, starin' over at me in a relieved sort o' way. 'You made out as the tooth was killin' somebody.'

"And 'tis,' roars Billy; 'can't you hurry no faster 'n that? Aint you good

for nothin' at all; it's in the baby's throat; it's a-bein' swallowed.'

"It was a pity fer to have brought the man there, but Billy hadn't no idea how 'twould be. The baby was gettin' black in the face, and he glanced at it, makin' no movement fer to get the tooth out, and he glanced over at me again, and up at the ceilin' and bit his lips, and I seen he was tryin' to keep from laughin'.

"Luckily, Wash come a-hurryin' in with the right kind of a doctor and it did our hearts good to see him set down in a sensible way and go to work. Everybody knowed by this time that Popsy Dickens was trying to swallow my tooth.

"When Dr. Hicks got it out Billy reached over and took it from him, and

then he walks square up to Dr. Winn and gives it to him without so much as paperin' it.

"We'll settle about the other to-morrow,' says Billy, in his determined voice, and I knowed he was goin' to get his skate money back, but I was surprised at the way the dentist acted. He spoke cheerfully, as if partin' with money was one of the delights of his life.

"All right,' says he, 'drop in to-morrow and we'll settle it satisfactory.'

"But I don't like to think of what I seen afterward—I never told Billy a word about it—I seen that man goin' along the hall a'most bent double, a-laughin' quiet to himself."

KATHARINE HULL.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER. X

"HERE is another one, Doctor. Come this way, please."

The surgeon thus accosted walked hastily through the ward, to the bed designated by the nurse. He started slightly at sight of the very youthful face on the pillows.

"When was he brought in, nurse?" he asked, looking kindly at the brown-eyed Southern boy before him.

"Two hours ago," was the response; "he was wounded in the foot yesterday, during a skirmish at the Junction."

"Let me see the wound."

Before the nurse obeyed, she said with a break in her voice:

"His name is Charlie Bernard, Doctor. He is sixteen years of age, and he says he's 'mother's only boy.'"

"Why did they not keep 'mother's only boy' at home, then?"

His voice was a trifle harsher but his touch was very gentle as he examined the

shattered foot, and there was a suspicious moisture in his shrewd gray eyes.

The examination was so painful that Charlie found it hard to suppress his groans; still, he bore it like a veteran although he was so young.

Charlie was a standard-bearer, and had the tattered remains of his banner on the bed by him. "He cannot bear to lose sight of it," said the nurse.

The boy spoke now for the first time. In the gentle drawl that is peculiar to Southerners, he said:

"Doctor, I love that flag next to my mother. I want it near me now, and if I die, I want it near me then."

The doctor and nurse exchanged glances.

"Who talks of dying?" said the former, "mother's boy shall go back to her yet, please God!"

A lovely smile parted the rebel boy's pale lips, and then he asked a sudden question:

"Is there danger of amputation, Doctor?"

"I trust not," said the Northern surgeon, and departed without another word.

The next day Dr. Harper and the nurse had each a sorrowful duty to perform. Charlie's foot was so much worse that amputation seemed necessary. Nurse Hathaway was to prepare the poor boy for the terrible ordeal, and later in the day the surgeon would amputate the foot just above the ankle.

In her capacity as nurse, Muriel Hathaway had many times gone through a similar duty without shrinking, but it had never before seemed to her so hard as now. She went off by herself for a few moments, and prayed earnestly. Then, returning, she went to Charlie's bedside, and took a seat by him. The boy wore a look of patient endurance that made her task harder still.

"Charlie," she said at last, looking at him as his mother might have done, "do you remember asking me last night why I seemed both old and young?"

"Perhaps it was a rude question," said Charlie, contritely.

"No, dear, it was not; and if you like, I will answer it now. When I was a girl of nineteen, I married a man whom I loved very dearly, and who loved me. For three years we lived together, and God gave us a little child. When Muriel was a year old, she died, and a week later her father's dead body was brought home to me. He had been killed in a terrible railroad accident."

Charlie's eyes were full of intense compassion. He did not speak, but laid his hand on hers in mute token of sympathy. She took his hand, and holding it closely, continued:

"When God said to me 'give,' I gave; for I knew, and you know, Charlie, that the dear Lord loves us, and requires from us only what is best we should give up."

She had finished now, and was gently stroking the boy's hand.

At last he said in a broken whisper, "O God! O God! whatever it be, I give it up in obedience to Thy will."

After another mute struggle he asked:

"Is it amputation?"

And weeping bitterly, Nurse Muriel answered:

"Yes."

An hour later the operation was performed. As Charlie came slowly to himself from the effects of the narcotic, he heard the surgeon saying: "The boy is so young and healthy, if he does not fret for the loss of his foot, I think he will get well rapidly." So Charlie determined that for "mother's" sake, he would not fret.

He was a brave, bright young patient, and everybody in the ward loved him. One day he heard a veteran soldier telling the surgeon that the ensign and his flag were always in the thick of the fight; whereupon Charlie smiled, and stroked his banner complacently.

There came a morning soon after this when Charlie did not seem so well. His wound was angry and painful all the day, and by night-fall he was in a burning fever. "Pyæmia" had broken out in the ward, and this subtle blood-poisoning was finding many victims. All through the delirium of that dreadful night, the boy kept calling for his mother; he would say over and over again, as though in apology, "I never fretted, mother, though I wanted to die, sooner than live a cripple; but I never fretted, mother dear, and I bore up bravely. Nurse will tell you that I bore up bravely." Then he would grasp his battle-flag, and hugging it to his heart would cry that none should take it from him, whether he lived or died.

When the morning came, Charlie was dying. Spent and exhausted he lay upon his pillow. He was so weary that his every breath seemed like the last. Seeing his lips move, the nurse bent forward to catch what he might say.

"Yes, Charlie," she answered, guessing at his words, "I will see your mother some day, and will tell her all. A lock of your hair? Yes, dear boy, mother shall have that too—and now, will I kiss you good-night? I will, I will."

She stooped, and gently kissed the pallid

lips. When she lifted her face, it was only a lifeless form she gazed upon, for "mother's boy" had gone home to his God. His brown eyes were wide open, as though he had seen a vision, and the army flag was lying on his breast.



MOTHERS.

OUR GIRLS.

MUCH has been said and written about our girls. Of their aimlessness and unusefulness, their lack of deep thought about the "ways and means of living," trusting to fathers and brothers to bear the burdens of life for them.

No, no! I protest against such a great injustice to them. How many hearts I have seen yearning and longing to help father and brothers in a substantial way—a way that will count when that note or that mortgage shall come due, or whatever it is—for there is scarcely a household but has its burden of some kind. Perhaps there are a great many thoughtless ones; but there is a great army of *thinking* ones growing up around us that we have great reason to be proud of and thankful for. I think sometimes the age of frivolity is passing away, and again we are getting a class of sound thinkers and workers.

I hope and pray that I am not deceived. God pity the aimless, thoughtless ones when the strong arm of father or brother is gone! But it is not of these I wish to speak, it is our other girls. It is our bright, active, independent ones—we thank God that we have them among us. It does our heart good to look at them.

They say, "Our fathers and our brothers work, why should not we? Our fathers and brothers learn a trade or profession, why not we? Was I born to be petted and pampered, set up as a fashion model, and let my friends work for me until brain and hand grow weary and fail? And I a helpless burden! No, never."

And they go to work with hand and heart and brain, choose the work their heart inclines to, and work with a will that brings light to their eyes and health and color to their cheeks. The joy and comfort there is in it none of us can know who has not tried it. They have a target far ahead they are aiming at, a purpose they are working for.

Do they always hit the mark, you ask?

They have no such word as "fail." They have no time to listen to such words as "You cannot," "It is impossible," etc. They have aimed high, and they are bound to hit the mark.

I wish to tell you of one little incident that has fallen under my observation very recently, that of a widow's daughter who, under adverse circumstances, is building up a future for herself. Her surroundings in childhood were anything but cheering. Her mother, though possessing some property, lived a very secluded life, her neighbors rarely visiting her, consequently her children were shunned also. Fighting against all this, Ella pushed ahead; she would not be put down; she loved her books and her school. Time flies quickly, and before any one was scarcely aware of it, she was reaching away beyond her companions, and soon entered another school, where she could have greater advantages. Some even then spoke sneeringly of Ella's going to school at W—. But nothing swerved her from her purpose. Higher and higher she went, until she was able to hold a teacher's certificate.

Now she is working to help other minds as she was helped. She has taught two terms of school, and during vacation is

studying stenography and type-writing. Those that once had taunting words have now reason to look up, and we hear such remarks as these, "Ella Barron is getting along nicely," "If any one can learn such or such a thing, Ella Barron can," "She is smart," etc. If she had been pulled down by circumstances, where would she have been to-day? Where is she to-day? Standing upon a pinnacle built by her own strength and perseverance. This is but one simple instance. There are thousands in the different walks of life, and I hope every girl whose eyes rest upon these lines will choose something—some course by which she could earn her daily bread if called upon to do so. I care not what it is, so long as it is honest and right. There is as much honor in knowing the intricacies of household work as anything else, and I am sure I do not want our girls to forget that in looking for something higher.

Did not Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales teach their daughters these arts, and is it not a noble example?

ZUBA.

SCRAP BOOKS.

WHILE it is not possible to keep all the papers which come into our homes, we think the mothers of children will never regret making scrap books for the young people.

If we had now a number of scrap books giving events during the late war, which might easily have been made by using clippings from the papers, we should value them highly.

We make scrap books by cutting into convenient size common heavy wrapping paper.

One book is filled with descriptions of popular actors, actresses, singers, the programmes used, and names of popular music and composers.

Another contains ministers' pictures and sermons, others show noted women and tells of their work.

Then we have the progress of the temperance march, and other good works, that the young people may, in future years, honor the faithful pioneers, who faltered not when discouragements encompassed them upon every hand.

For the boys we clip reports of athletic

games, though no report of a prize fight, dog or cock fight, or horse race gets into this scrap book. We want boys to like a horse too well to run them to death, and to detest pitting a dog or fowl to death, or crippling it by putting them against a rival in a fight. We were never a boy, but feel that real boys do like to fish, swim, hunt, row a boat, ride, play ball, etc., and like to read of the exploits of others.

The best and most practical cooking recipes go into others. Recipes for cooking meals fill one, for soups another, cakes and puddings another, then come candies and pies, while vegetables are not forgotten.

We don't forget the raising of vegetables—in the spring book go the practical talks on gardening. The summer work is carefully selected, also the autumn, and the storing of the harvests for winter's use has its place.

The selection, planting, and culture of fruits we all select with care, as we want only practical and tested experiments in this book, and the girls will want to know just how to manage the flowers.

We can't leave out the care and making of bed and table furnishings, laundry work, oh! so many homely, but necessary items which must be known to those who expect to make a good home-maker.

In a highly prized scrap book we have old songs, some of them very old, the tune has almost been forgotten, and the music is not to be had. But some old grandma or grandpa comes along who can hum it for us, and we love the air better than new and operatic ones.

Sweet and tender ballads are clipped from newspapers and gathered together, and prove such a comfort when sad memories come to us of the dear, dead past.

Death notices of distinguished men and women may prove to be something highly prized by the brown-eyed Charlie and blue-eyed Essie in years to come.

Clippings from papers containing incidents of the political campaigns, with proper dates, are not left out of our collection. We try to select instructive articles, not prejudiced ones, that we may perpetuate a certain political or religious belief, but we do want to put before the young people the means of learning to do

things in an easy, attractive, yet instructive style.

When we cannot afford to give the children the education desired, we try to do the next best thing, to have them learn of what the world is doing in our own little home.

If we could afford encyclopædias we certainly should have them, and many other helps to get wisdom.

The children enjoy helping make these scrap books; it is good work for stormy days and long winter evenings.

Our stack of scrap books is now a goodly sized one. The pages are neatly trimmed. For the binding we have cut dark-brown and tan color, and cream tinted covers of good stout silesia, scalloped the edges, and Ernest has lettered in German text or old English, in fancy colored ink, the title and an old saw or motto, such as "Cake, One cannot keepe theyre cake and eat ytte," "Puddynge, the prooffe of the puddynge is ynne the eatinge." "Flowers, sweet flowers I plucked them fresh for you."

And still the stack grows higher, and the young folks look eagerly forward to the "cutting-out-scrap" days and evenings.

Your little Ben or Esther may write for publication some day in the future; in such a case some of those clippings may furnish valuable dates, information, etc., which have slipped your memory, though you lived through the incident.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

"OH! if my children only had such an appetite as yours have!" said Mrs. Townsend, as she gazed at her friend's little ones eating their dinner with apparent relish.

The two ladies had been friends from childhood, and Mrs. Wilder determined to speak plainly.

"I'll tell you, Sue," she said, "what I think is the reason of the great difference in the appetites of our children. I never allow mine to eat anything except fruit between meals. I often give them apples or oranges if they get hungry, and I don't think they are injured thereby.

"I never did believe in the habit of

'piecing',' Mrs. Wilder continued. "We have our meals at certain hours, and the children, when they are well, always seem ready to eat."

"But my children are so sickly," returned the visitor. "I can't be so heartless as to deny them a piece of pie or cake, or whatever they ask for, if it's in the house. I'm afraid I won't have Margie with me long, she is very delicate. If I could see her cheeks looking as rosy as your Amy's I'd be perfectly happy."

There was silence for a few moments.

Mrs. Wilder bit her lips to keep from saying more. "I don't want to offend her," she thought, "but I should like to see her convinced of her error."

She had often been at Mrs. Townsend's when the children would carry out huge slices of bread, also generous quantities of pie and doughnuts.

Then, when they came to the table at meal time, "there was nothing good," as they expressed it.

"I always keep mince pie on hand," their mother said, "on account of Margie; it is her especial favorite. Poor child! there are few things that she cares for. I have to rack my brain to think of some tempting dish for the children. Why, they don't think of eating bread unless they have some preserves to go with it."

And so the foolish mother, without a word of protest, let them eat the rich food whenever they chose.

"It is a little unhandy sometimes," she confided to Mrs. Wilder, "when there is company, and we have to get along without any dessert. I never know until it is on the table, whether there is any or not. But the children enjoy it, and it's all right."

Is it any wonder that children reared in this way are not healthy?

GARNET.

EDUCATION which comes through contemplation with advancing years is as wide as it is deep, as profound as it is accurate, and it embraces all nature and life with its varied experiences.

LOVE OF TRUTH. Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LITTLE BOY'S WHITE DAY.

"HEY, Bill! Billy! hold on a minnit, can't yer? Here I've been tryin' ter ketch up fer a block or two. Whatever makes yer go sech a gait?"

"Why, cos it's so orful cold up this 'ere street, Mike; the wind cuts right through a feller!"

"So't does; an'—why, old man, yer aint got nigh enough clothes on!" and Mike laid his hand on the other boy's shoulder. "Yer jacket's thin as caliker."

"I know it, Mikey; but I got on every dud I got, savin' a bit er two mother's goin' ter wash."

"Yer don't say! why, is things so bad as that? an' don't ye hev luck in yer work nowadays, old feller? Ye know I aint seen nothin' of ye lately."

"Some days I do middlin' fair, but the bigger chaps git more jobs 'n I do, of course; the gents thinks I'm so little I can't give 'em so good a shine, I s'pose. An' then it costs so much ter live, even when folks don't have nothin' hardly; an' mother can't go out ter work now on 'count o' Dotty."

"Dear me, I clean forgot Dotty! aint she no better?"

"She's worse 'n she was, lots worse. She was asleep when I come away, but mother said as how she'd had a hard night, an' I felt as mean as—as anything ter think I'd slept like a log all night, an' she so sick! but then I was dead tired!"

"Course yer wus! What's the matter with Dotty, anyway? an' does she hev a doctor?"

"Oh! she coughs that bad yer'd be scairt ter hear her; an' we did hev a doctor t'other day, an' he left her a big bottle o' medicine, an' said she must have broths, an' oringes, an' milk, an' soups; an' she mustn't be let ter ketch any more cold—jest as if we could do it fer his sayin'; but we do, though, part on't; she has beef-tea every day, an' sometimes other things; an' ye see that's the reason I aint

got so many clothes as I might hev; but I'd a sight ruther Dotty 'd hev things, an' she don't hev enough now; an' she ketches cold, too, fer we can't keep warm nohow; if the room was tighter or we could 'ford a bigger fire. But how's things with yerself, Mikey?"

"Fine es a fiddle! Jest feel o' the thick-ness o' my jacket; got that at a reg'lar bargain, an' any time ye want one like it, I'll go with ye ter the shop."

"That's good of ye, but I can't git it now, nowadays."

"But ye'll git sick a-goin' so thin dressed, Billy, an' then what ever will become o' ye?"

"Dunno, 'nless I goes ter the hospittle. I've been most wishin' Dotty was there, if it wasn't fer missin' her so ter home. Ye know Jim Dolan, as went there with his broken leg? well, he said it was all jest as warm night an' day, an' sech relishin' things ter eat as helps a body right along; an', Mike, it's the livin' trooth, I aint been warm ner full—not *real* warm an' full sence Christmas. My grashus, what a dinner us fellers hed that day! I dream about it nights—of seein' it an' smellin' it, but somehow I don't never git ter eatin' of it. Here's old Broad; let's go down this side, cos the buildin's help keep the wind off. S'pose I look like a reg'ler show with this 'ere shawl of mother's round my neck, but *that's* warm if I be a-freezin' every other ways."

"Too bad, old feller! wish 't I wus rich—I'd jest fit yer out with the bossiest soot o' clothes ye ever seen; but I'm reg'ler cleaned out o' cash. I bought them 'ere yis'day!" and he put out a foot clad in a sturdy thick-soled shoe.

"Them is beauties, Mike! why, yer git-ter be a reg'ler howlin' swell, aint yer?"

"Some wot!" said Mike, proudly. "But let's keep tergether ter-day, an' see if luck won't jest come a-swoopin' down on us an' fill our pockets."

"All right, but 'taint no day fer luck,

fer there aint no mud ter splash nobody's feet; it's too cold; so it'll be a black day fer all the shiners."

"Oh! dust is nigh about as good as mud; an' then it's goin' ter grow warmer when the sun gits up."

The boys took up their station not far apart in the busiest portion of the city and began to solicit work; but, as Billy had foretold, everybody's boots seemed to retain the morning lustre; and the sun came up over the roofs only to be clouded under, and the wind changed around until it seemed to come from all quarters at once.

Finally Mike got a job, and as soon as he got his pay he vanished, to reappear a few minutes later at Billy's side, and thrust some buns in his hand.

"There, me boy, them's prime; they'll hearten ye right up, an' luck'll turn soon, jest keep a stiff upper lip!"

"They're both stiff!" said poor Billy, with a feeble attempt at a joke. "Dunno if I can make out ter eat er not; but ye're orful good, Mikey!"

"Bosh! but here comes a rusty pair o' boots, now's yer time for a job." But Billy's application, "shine, sir, shine?" was unheeded, and the hours wore on till noon, and the weather grew colder and colder, and warmly-clad men turned up their overcoat collars, and put their gloved hands in capacious pockets, and Billy's mother at home fed the scanty fire, almost counting the coals and wondering at the little heat they gave out, and worrying about her boy, so thinly clad, out in the cold, until her attention was claimed by a visitor.

And just about this time an immense man in an immense overcoat, and with an immense stride, came down the slope from the bridge. Indeed, everything about him seemed so immense, that poor Billy was almost afraid to lift up his little, weak voice to accost him, but, strange to say, his piping "shine, sir, shine?" arrested the great man's steps.

"Shine, eh? well, do they need it?" said he, looking down at his feet. "Don't know but they do, seeing I'm going to call on a great newspaper man hereabouts; but you're a little man for such work."

"Oh! no, sir; I'm older'n I looks, an' I'll give yer a good job if yer don't mind standin'; them fellows wot's got chairs

makes it easiest, of course, but I'll make yer boots look just es good, sir."

"Go ahead then! I've been walking across the bridge to get a better idea of it. Big affair, aint it?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy, willing to assent to anything, although the bridge was no greater wonder to him than anything else in the mighty city.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the man, as he watched the little figure kneeling at his feet. "You look almost frozen; why your hands can hardly hold the brush they're so numb with the cold!"

"Oh! they're all right!" said Billy, bravely, and the fear lest his work was not giving satisfaction, sent a little hot thrill along his chilled veins; "but ye see I aint hed much ter do yet ter-day, an' a feller gits kindy cold when he's standin'."

"I should think so—or when he's riding, or walking, or doing anything in this freezing country. I'm from Georgia, and I do think I shall perish, in spite of all the clothes I buy, before I'm ready to go back. I wouldn't live here all winter for the town!"

Billy, filled with amazement at such an assertion, glanced up to see a pair of keen but kindly gray eyes scanning him over.

"Do you call that your winter rig, boy?"

"Not egsacly; I aint got none yet, cos—well, ye see, Dotty's sick, an'—an' ther aint no great sight o' money."

"And who is Dotty—your sister, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir; an' mother she can't leave her to work out."

"Aint got no father around then, I reckon?"

"He's been dead 'most two year, mister."

"So you're the man of the house, hey?"

Billy hardly knew if his customer was laughing at him or not, but he said bravely:

"I earns wot I kin, an' we got along purty good till this here winter. There, don't that ere shine?"

"Oh! yes, that's good. And do you stay here all day looking for work, when it storms and all?"

"Mostly, but I was jest a good notion ter give it up an' go some'rs else 'fore you come along."

The boy finished his work in silence, and

then the gentleman said: "I haven't any change, but I'm going into the first clothing store I find, so you come with me and I'll pay you there."

Simple-hearted Billy felt no fear in going with the strange man, for he had looked into the depths of those honest eyes. Not so his friend Mike: he prided himself on being up to the ways of the world, and so, when he saw suspicious Billy trotting along by the side of the big man, he trotted curiously after until he saw them enter a clothing store, when his face broadened into a grin and his steps broke into a double shuffle.

"The kid's in luck sure es the world!" he said joyfully, and waited patiently on the corner until he saw them come out. But was that Billy—coated, capped, and mittened, and looking as if he could defy any kind of weather? The big man seemed to be in a great hurry to get away then, and could hardly wait to hear the boy's confused but heart-felt thanks. It had all been so sudden and so wonderful, that he almost thought it was one of his vivid dreams, until Mike accosted him.

"Billy, me jewel, ye look dazed! An' was thet ere Santy Claws, er the giant, er the prince, er what? an' whatever did he say ter ye, onyhow?"

"O Mikey! did yer ever see the beat of him? he didn't say so very much, but look what he's done!"

"I be a-seein' till me eyes is fair dazed! I've been a-watchin' ever sense he towed ye off, fer says I ter meself, says I: 'If so be it's the dragon an' he's goin' ter devour poor little Billy, I'll be there ter speak up fer the kid;' but my! what a stunner ye be." Billy did not understand all Mike's allusions, not being as well up in literature as his friend, but said:

"An' jest you look here!" and unbuttoning the overcoat he showed a warm jacket underneath: "an' look here!" and pulling off one mitten displayed a folded bill.

"That ere's a fiver, Mike, an' I'm to buy shoes out of it, an' git something good for Dotty out o' the rest; so he said, an' aint he the best man you ever heered of, an' aint it a white day after all?"

"Didn't I tell you so, Billy? why I felt it in my bones!"

"Now you come with me till I buy the

shoes. I most rather save it all fer Dot, but fer mindin' wot he said."

"You git the shoes, Billy; there'll be lots of it left, fer I know a place where shoes is dreadful cheap; an' you jest let me kerry your box long o' mine; yer coat an' things is too orful swell to go with thet!"

"I know 'tis. I sha'n't work in the coat, of course, fer the jacket's warm as toast. I'm goin' home soon's I git the shoes."

They were soon bought, and then he got a dozen oranges for Dotty, one of which he made his friend take against his will.

"Now see, Mikey; ye won't let me stand treat, fer all I had yer buns this mornin', an' yer help otherways too!" So Mike took the orange, but insisted on carrying the blacking-box to Billy's own door "on 'count o' the swell coat."

It would be hard to tell on which side was the greatest surprise—the mother and Dotty to see Billy (if this was indeed their own Billy in a long overcoat, and with a plush cap tied down over his ears) coming home this time of day, or Billy to behold a lavish fire and Dotty in a blue flannel wrapper curled up in the old rocker beside it, and to hear that the doctor's sister had been in with nourishing things for her, and was coming again with sewing for the mother, and, best of all, the doctor had said with proper care Dotty would soon get well. What good news! And then Billy went proudly out to buy some groceries, saying to himself: "It's jest the whitest day I ever seen!"

LILLIAN GREY.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A LITTLE PLAY FOR LITTLE PLAYERS.

Characters.

A MERCHANT. THE BEAST. BEAUTY.

SCENE I.—THE BEAST'S GARDEN.

Music. As the curtain rises, enter the MERCHANT, slowly, and crosses stage, looking about him, then stands.

Merchant. For six long hours I've wandered to and fro,
Yet from this garden by no means can go.
I don't know where I am, and—truth to say—

Begin to think I must have lost my way!
This state of things is really quite absurd.

(Walks about, and looks round.)

A most delicious place, upon my word.
Just now I found a table in the shade,
Where a most royal and sumptuous feast
was laid,

Which much refreshed me!

(Wipes his mouth, and laughs.)

Here are roses, too.

I may as well pick Beauty one or two.

My little girl will like them.

(As he gathers roses, loud chords on piano.)

(Enter the BEAST.)

Beast. Hold! Forbear!

Merchant (starting back). Oh! mercy,
mercy! gracious lord!

Beast. Beware! dost thou not see I
am a beast?

Merchant (with conviction). I do.
Each word your lordship says is very
true;

I see you are a beast, I know not why.

Beast. I am beast, and therefore thou
shalt die.

Merchant. Oh! no, kind Beast. Oh!
gentle Beast, be calm,
Spare me, most noble Beast! I've done no
harm.

(Kneeling, with every sign of wild fear.)

Beast. Didst thou not seek my garden?

Merchant. Seek it? Nay,
I only found it when I lost my way.

(Rising.)

Beast. My private dinner eat?

Merchant (smacking his lips). A noble
feast.

It does you credit, though you are a
Beast!

Really your Highness' cooks are—

Beast (walking away). Quite a sight
My roses were?

Merchant. Yes, they were something
like!

Beast. And thou hast dared to pick
them? Therefore die.

Merchant. It was my daughter, sir!
Not I!

I picked them for my Beauty, if you
please.

Pardon, great Beast; I ask it on my
knees.

(Kneels again and clasps his hands.)

Beast. Your daughter, wretch!

Merchant. Yes, gracious Majesty,
As good a little girl as well can be.
I can refuse her nothing: no one can.

Beast. Bring her to me at once, un-
grateful man.

Purchase thy safety with thy daughter's
life.

Depart at once, or dread a monstrous
knife!

Fail to return, or send thy child instead,
And I will seek thee out, and kill thee
dead.

(Music. The BEAST chases the MER-
CHANT round the stage, and drives him
off.)

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.—THE BEAST'S GARDEN.

(As before.)

Music. As the curtain rises, enter the
MERCHANT and BEAUTY arm in arm;
they look about them cautiously, and appear
very nervous.

Merchant. Here is the place where
dwells this horrid thing!

(Loud chords on piano.)

Hark! What is that?

Beauty (wildly). I heard a spirit sing.

Merchant. 'Tis the night-jar—a bird of
ill-repute.

Shut up, vile warbler! (Shaking his fist.)

Beauty. Father, all is mute!

Had you not better fly at once?

Merchant. Dost fear?—

I know I'm horribly afraid, my dear.

How can I fly, and leave thee to thy fate?

I will not go! (With resolution.)

(Loud chords on piano.)

The Beast! too late! too late!

Oh! I must leave, although it breaks my
heart.

The Beast draws near; I tremble, and de-
part.

(Embraces BEAUTY hastily, and runs
out.)

Beauty. Oh! dear! I am all in a flutter
and fright.

I will follow papa!

(Runs after him, and then stops abruptly.)

No, that wouldn't be right.

I am horribly frightened, yet here I must
stay.

For papa will be killed if I hurry away.

(Sits on ground.)

(Pauses, then adds firmly.)

I won't look at the Beast! if to die is my
fate,

I will shut my eyes tight, and in darkness
I'll wait!

(*Loud chords on piano; she starts up.*)

He is coming! I hear him! Oh! horror!
Oh! dear;

I wish—how I wish—I had never come
here!

(*She shuts her eyes, and turns her back on
the BEAST, holding one hand over her
face.*)

(*Loud chords on the piano.*)

(*Enter the BEAST.*)

Beast. O gentle Beauty! do not fear
at all!

Welcome, sweet welcome. At thy feet I
fall,

(*Kneels.*)

And bid thee welcome to my home.
Enough!

This Beast loves Beauty, though he's
somewhat gruff.

Beauty (*timidly*). Indeed, my Lord;
I'm sure you're very kind!

Beast. I am not handsome, but I have
a mind.

Oh! do not look at me; but hear me
speak!

Beauty. Talk on, great Beast, I'd listen
for a week!

His voice is charming, and delights the
ear;

In fact, I think I'd listen for a year.

(*Aside.*)

Beast. Stay with me, Beauty! be my
little love!

Beauty. For "little love," I stay not.

(*With dignity.*)

Beast (*taking her hand*). Dearest Dove,
Stay with the poor Beast! Turn to day
his night!

Beauty. My gentle Beast!

(*Turns very slowly, and looks at him.*)

Oh! what a horrid fright!

Oh! let me go! Ah, you thrice hideous
thing!

Let go my hand.

(*Wrenches it from him.*)

You can't love anything!

(*BEAUTY runs out, leaving the BEAST
gazing after her in an attitude of
despair.*)

Beast. The dream is vanished, and the
flower is withered,

The Beast is sold, and all his hopes are
shivered.

He can't love anything, for he's a fright,
Then farewell life and joy, and welcome
night.

(*He throws himself on the ground.*)

(*Soft music. Enter BEAUTY, slowly.*)

Beauty (*musingly*). "This Beast loves
Beauty, though he's somewhat gruff,"
Methinks the Beast was gentle, Beauty
rough.

My hasty words I thoroughly repent,
To win his pardon now is my intent.

(*Sees him.*)

And there he lies. Forgive the words I
said.

(*Going up to him.*)

He doesn't answer! Oh! I fear he's dead!
My thoughtless speech has killed him.

Woe is me,

To have seen what I have seen, see what
I see!

(*Kneeling beside him and wringing her
hands.*)

How gladly would I stay with him!
Forgive

Poor Beauty, Beast. Oh! if he could but
live.

Beast. And so he can, if Beauty wills
it so.

Beauty. Are you not dead, indeed!

(*Starts up joyfully.*)

Beast. Indeed, love; no!

I'm very much alive to all you've done.

(*Rising.*)

(*The BEAST goes out hastily, BEAUTY is
about to follow, but pauses and gathers
a rose.*)

(*Soft music. She pulls the petals off.*)

Beauty (*softly*). He loves me; he loves
me not! He loves me.

(*She must repeat this till the BEAST re-
enters.*)

(*Enter the BEAST as a Prince.*)

Beast. She who could love a Beast, a
Prince has won,

An evil fairy wrought this change in me;
The Great Enchanter—Love! now sets
me free.

Beauty. Oh! I'm so happy!—you won't
change again?

(*He smiles and shakes his head.*)

Henceforth the wicked fairy works in vain.
I see my poor old father coming here.

(*Enter the MERCHANT.*)

Welcome, papa! There's nothing now to
fear!

Merchant. Where is the Beast?

Beast. My honored sir, I'm he?

The only Beast that you are like to see.

Merchant. Are you the Beast? I'm
very glad indeed! (*Politely.*)

Pray don't apologize? There is no need! I'm tired and hungry. Lead me to the feast!

We'll drink the health of Beauty and the Beast.

(*Music. They all dance.*)

(CURTAIN.)

—

This little play can be acted by two children, if Beauty takes the Beast's part in the first scene and the Merchant in the second; but the lines after, "Henceforth the wicked fairy works in vain," must then be omitted, while Beauty continues, "I'm tired and hungry," etc. My nieces, for whom the piece was originally written, acted it in this way; and as any other dress can be worn under the Beast's costume—the changes of parts are very easily managed. The dresses are simple, and can be made with little trouble. The Beast must have a mask, any animal's head will do, and a long fur cloak; gloves of fur or wool of the same color as the cloak; and any disguise for the feet, if the cloak does not conceal them. The Merchant should have a wig and beard; two sewn into a skull cap does admirably for the former; and two sewn on to a strip of linen, and fastened under the wig with elastic, for the latter. A long gown of dark Bolton sheeting, drawn in at the waist by a running string, makes an effective costume for the Merchant. He should lean on a stick, and walk with a slight limp. The Prince might wear something of the same kind, but not so long, and more decorated. I recommend Bolton sheeting, because it falls in very good folds, and is cheap—often a consideration for theatrical dresses. Our Prince had dark green, trimmed with gold braid in Greek pattern, and a large yellow sash tied at the side; a turban to match the sash completes the costume. He should have a mustache—crêpe hair makes the best, fastened on with spirit gum; but if this is not to be had, a little burnt cork is a very fair substitute. Beauty may be dressed in any sort of picturesque fashion; we gave her a long red silk train, and a little blue satin body and overskirt, peaked like a Folly costume, and fringed with gilt coins, a small scarlet fez, and a white veil, thrown back over the hair. The train might be of sateen, and the drapery of

some light transparent material; and a good effect can be given by pasting on flowers and other designs cut out of gold and silver paper. We gave our Beauty a very large feather fan, and her little figure looked very pretty and quaint in the long train and many-hued costume. These are only suggestions; for, as I said before, any picturesque dresses will do for the piece.

With regard to the scenery, it, also, may be simple in the extreme. I threw some dark plaids over a couple of clothes-horses, and pinned a quantity of green vegetation from the garden—plants of tansy pulled up by the roots, and long trailing sprays of Virginia creeper upon them, brightening the whole with all the artificial flowers I could lay my hands on, and the effect was considered very pretty. Of course, this was in the summer, but evergreens can always be had.

A curtain is not necessary, as there is no change of scene; we did not have one, and Beauty and the Beast danced off the stage (*i. e.*, out of the room) at the end of the play.

For the music, bright, simple airs are best; a set of quadrilles or old country dances, for instance; of course, choosing those tunes that seem most appropriate to the dialogue and the situation.

My nieces were aged twelve and ten respectively when they played "Beauty and the Beast." It was written for them, however, when they were several years younger, but circumstances at that time prevented their acting it.

EVELYN FLETCHER.

—

CARE OF THE BODY. Most of those who die between twenty-five and sixty, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over-indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle-life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigor in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.

HOME CIRCLE.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

AS I have frequently written, the culture of flowers is something that should claim the attention of us all. The love of God's beautiful flowers is natural to some persons, to others it may be a cultivated taste. But whether it is one way or the other, let us all grow them. And, believe me, we are all made purer, better, and more refined by doing so. The past season has been one of especial delight to me. I have been in love the whole year with everything green I found. Having prepared a large oval bed in a rather secluded place, and, too, where it was shaded, and damp during the greater part of the day, I dubbed it my "wildling bed," and from early spring until late autumn there was hardly a time when some of the family did not come bounding in with some curiosity in growth for "Mamma's wildling bed." It became a spot to us all of the greatest interest, and from gazing at and admiring the growth and form of each tiny plant, inquiries began to be made as to what species or family the plant belonged, until the first thing we knew, my little ones and I were fairly launched into that most interesting study, Botany. And before I hardly realized it, the pupils bid fair to outstrip their teacher. I thought of my own school-days, and how I had busily conned my botany lesson, recited it, and knew about as much practically as I did before I learned it. Oh! how much more sure I was, than ever before, that practical applications of a study insure a better knowledge of it. Then, too, besides the botanical knowledge my little ones gained, was the evident care and love they evinced for the beautiful in nature. From flowers to fields, earth, woods, and sky is but a step. There is beauty in everything God has made, if we can but see it with these dim, dull, of the "earth earthy" eyes of ours. Then, is it not essential that in our children should be cultivated a love for all these beautiful things that fill the whole

world? Will it not, as more mature years creep over them, have a tendency to create within them a greater love and reverence for that Supreme Being, who has created all the beautiful things they have been taught from childhood to admire? I think so. I am firmly convinced of it. And the longer I have lived to study human nature the more I believe it.

Have I wandered "far afield" from my "wildling bed?" I trust to be pardoned, but if you will come now, we will go back to it, and I will tell somewhat of its make-up. We all know, at least those of us who have tried it, that it is extremely hard sometimes to transplant wildflowers. I had this in my mind when I arranged the bed in the shaded damp place. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, I procured from the woods a liberal supply of woods earth, gathered here and there under the fallen and well-rotten leaves; indeed, when I finished raking off the bed, I said to myself: "The dainty woods treasures will think it home." And so they did. In lifting the wildlings, I taught the little ones to be careful in digging them, to keep the earth to the roots as much as possible, and to disturb them as little as they could help. What delicate ferns they transplanted, *Dicentra Cucullaris*, or, as they called it, Dutchman's breeches. Trillium, Bloodroot, Dodecatheon Medias, with their Cyclamen-like flower, all grew and never realized they were transplanted from their native heath. Time and space forbids I should name more. Many persons from lack of means (even in this day of cheap flowers there are those who cannot afford them, and how my heart goes out toward them, and I am more than glad to share my abundance with them), may find the most exquisite pleasure in growing these free, wild treasures. "Without money and without price," they are growing in abundance in "God's first temples." All about you they are, and some are as rare, choice, and beautiful as the costly ones

found in a first-class florist's hands. And all for the gathering and planting.

Only try growing them, and in fondling over them many a blissful moment will come, robbing life of much of its bitterness, and in the end will lead you to bless the hand that has led you all along. Yes! will lead you, though all reluctant at first, at last to love Him.

HYACINTH.

"MIS' ROGERS'S WAY."

"WILL it do, Aunt Violet? You ought to know just how to serve our guests, as you go about among such nice people," said Maude, looking anxiously into the good-natured, dark face of Aunt Violet, who stood looking in at our table, as we, my beautiful Cousin Maude Weston and myself, Edyth Hall, were trying, with small means, to prepare a pretty table and generous menu we felt we owed to the few friends we were expecting in the evening.

Our aunt, too much of an invalid to often leave her room, could not assist us very much, and we really could not afford to spend the amount needed for even a plain collation.

Our club had met at the home of a member twice over, while we, Maude and myself, had the guilty feeling of appearing "stingy" and "mean," because of never once inviting them to our small house, as Maude often said:

"We have nothing as it ought to be. No roomy parlor, nor place for wraps, and how can we afford refreshments? Wasn't Julia Ingram's table beautiful? We have no business to go to club meetings, when we know that we cannot pay back."

At last we were almost forced to ask them to our house.

"I'se gwine ter speak mounty plain my mind on dis 'far, an' hopes yo'll take my words in de sperrit deys spoken.

"Yos tryin' ter make too much show for yo' sarcumstances. Better hab tings ter correspond.

"Yo' plain, dilikate chany look nicer in dis leetle dinin'-room dan dat heavy silber yo's borried. Yes, honeys, I works 'long o' de quality folks in de city, an' handles mounty costly chany an' silber, an' holps cook dainty dishes dat's costly, an' I sees heaps o' fine dresses, diamon's, an' cloth

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swaller-tail coats, but 'mongst all de entertainments given, dat I'se partis'pated en, Mis' Rogers was de beatin'est.

"Ebery guest had a nat'ral, easy, good time, larfed widout tryin', an' dey all went home wantin' ter come ag'in ter dat leetle house.

"Arter dey'd all done gone, her husban' put his arm aroun' her, an' say: "'Yo' was right, Agnes, as yo' allus am, an' hab made me frien's 'mongst solid men, who come ter me an' said, "Rogers, yo' has a wife ter be proud of. No sham, or false pride 'bout her."

"Oh! yes, honeys, I heerd one or two women sayin' they'd be 'shamed to set before guests sech pore refreshments, but if Mis' Rogers had heerd 'em, it wouldn't have ruffled her a mite. She am one ob de sort o' women who don' strut in borrowed finery.

"Yo' see, her husban' am young, an' his medical practice haint yet brought him a fortune. Dey's bofe pop'lar young folks; hab be'n asked eberywhere. De doctah sings, an' so does she, in a way ter charm de folks who hear 'em, den dey bofe hab takin' ways wid 'em.

"At last de time came when dey feel as if dey must give a leetle entertainment in der own leetle home, or drop out entirely from sarsiety.

"He wanted ter borrow money an' have a supper sent out from de fines' place in de city, an' she said:

"'No! dey wouldn't do dat, as dey wasn't in debt, an' didn't spect ter be, onless sickness came 'pon 'em.'

"He wuked hisself into a temper, 'cused her o' being small an' stingy, an' tryin' to ruin his standin', but she was moity firm, sayin':

"'It's not honest ter try ter 'pear as if we'se wurf our thousands. Folks knows our standin'; I'll not try ter blind 'em; 'sides, I kayn't do it. Ef I'd make a big show wif cut flowers, fine table ware, an' costly supper, dey'd wonder how we got de money it cost. All we'd gain would be somethin' ter worry 'bout, as we couldn't pay de debts for some time, even ef all went smoofo, which isn't allus de case.'

"She had her way, an' sent for me, tellin' from de first, she wasn't gwine ter try ter spread a supper, could only offer some light refreshments, an' decorate de rooms an' table herself.

"I knows, Aunt Vi'let," says she, "dat it seems pore folksy ter yo' ter dream o' settin' afore de elegant folks dat'll come here ter night, de leetle I'll hab ter offer 'em, but, aunty, de doctah hasn't paid many visits for gwine on two months, an' we haven't a cent over ten dollars to spend. I'm gwine ter dar' to be honest, if it costs me my fine friens'. De only thing dats troublin' me is de way Paul feels 'bout it, an' two big tears came into her bright blue eyes.

"I coaxed my ole man, who wasn't a-doin' anythin', ter take de ole white mawl an' ride out ter de woods an' git a passel o' pretty greens, an' by noon he kem aroun' tolin' great boughs o' red bud an' dogwood, all in flower, spruce an' pine branches, an' trailin' grasses.

"I trowed up my han's an' said, 'dats jes' like yo', Bige, allus doin' de wrong thing.'

"Den Mis' Rogers, larfin', say: 'Uncle Bige hab brought me just what I want.'

"We had swept an' cleaned all de five rooms in de cottage ontill eberything shone bright as new tin.

"De parlor looked moity home-like wif de music an' books lyin' handy, an' de seats all pushed around sociable-like.

"De table was spread wif snowy white linen, an' de plain chany arranged moity tasty an' orderly, de few pieces of silber settin' eberythin' off rale nice. De dinin'-room, though moity leetle, looked moity cunnin'.

"For de refreshments, Mis' Rogers had ten large home-made loaves of de beautifullest white bread I eber saw, an' a hundred cunnin' tea biscuits. We shaved thin some ob de freshest, juciest dried beef I eber cut into, buttered light dem sandwiches an' lay dem slices beef between de bread slices. Den we piled 'em up in baskets, kivered wif napkins an' red bud flowers.

"Den we fill de pickle boats wif cucumber an' plum pickles, wif leetle yellow tomaterses, which had been canned and dashed wif vinegar.

"De cake was plain silver and gold, baked in loaves, but Mis' Rogers made it 'pear as if 'twas several kinds by spreadin' some ob de slices wif chocolate, some wif cocoanut, an' oders wid lemon frostin'. Den she hab a peach an' plum, wif cherry

an' strawberry dressin' spread on jes' before time ter call 'em out ter de table.

"Den we make preparation fer de chocolate, an' dat's all she meant ter give 'em.

"When de doctah came home 'bout dusk, he couldn't help admirin' de way she'd drooped de flowers an' green boughs, though he looked black when he see de pile o' sandwiches, an' made out de door. Mis' Rogers sigh, an' say: 'it does look skimpey, but it's de best I has; dar isn't a dollar left in my purse.'

"De comp'ny didn't fail ter kem, an' at de fust glance I seed de most ob dem was rale quality. Some ob dem I'd seen in grand places whar I'd be'n sarvin'.

"Mis' Rogers look jest as sweet and ladyfied in her cheap dress as any ob de ladies did in dar fine, rustlin' ones. De doctah soon saw he had no cause ter be 'shamed o' the way things gwine. 'Peared as if de comp'ny couldn't hear enough o' dar singin', an' no wonder, dar voices were powerful sweet.

"Everybody had a good time talkin' an' larfin'; nobody wanted cards or dancin'.

"A leetle after ten I made de chocolate, an' by eleven dey was all in de dinin'-room, eatin' as if dey relished things. Mis' Rogers neber make one apology, or let on dat dis was be bery first time, most likely, dat some ob her guests had set down ter sech a table.

"At twelve de folks went home, an' I heard one ole gemman, de riches' one in de crowd, say ter de doctah:

"'You'll get on in the world. A man with a wife like yours can't miss success. You don't deserve her.'

"An' anoder say ter her:

"'Yo' is a brave leetle woman, an' we have had an old-fashioned good time, which is what we don't allus have at parties cut an' dried.'

"Mis' Rogers don't see such pinchin' times now, an' she's given costlier parties dan dat one, but none of 'em ever beat dat one for rale enjoyment.

"Now, honeys, if yo' gits de half o' what yo're lettin' on havin', it 'll cost more'n yo' are dreamin' 'bout. Hadn't yo' best git jest what yo' can serve wif de least trouble?

"Sometimes folks gits tired ob one thing

ober an' ober. Even de glitter of fine silber an' chany sometimes tires de eyes.

"It don't signify dat yo' hab no right ter mingle 'mong nice comp'ny jest because yo' habn't a rich father an' kayn't 'pear fine like Colonel Jayn's daughters. Folks 'll 'spect yo' all de more if yo' don't try ter show out for more dan you are."

Strengthened by Aunt Violet's story of Mis' Rogers's way, we tried the plan of serving the members of our club with easily prepared refreshments and did not regret it, though we did hear that one of our guests really pitied us, and had no idea that we were so poverty-stricken until on the night the club met at our house.

But that shaft didn't wound deeply, as one of the most eligible *partis* in the city took note of Maude's modest and sensible manner, and sees in her so much that he wants a lifetime to study her in.

A few days after we had entertained the Ivy Leaf Club we met one of our girls, who, with ourselves, have not much of this world's goods, who said to us:

"Everybody was talking about the good time you gave us. Everything seemed so real and home-like, and you've done a great favor to me by setting the fashion of serving simple refreshments. It is my time next to entertain, and how I did dread it, for papa has for some time been so pinched for money. We are not nearly as well off as we seem to be, and every little expense counts in our house now;" concluding with, "I'm so glad you had the courage to do as you did."

Really, it's silly in us to try to ape Lillian Waite when we know their coachman has finer quarters than we call home. Let us be honest and keep our real place after this.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

SCRAPS FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S DIARY.

ALTHOUGH so much has been said and written upon the subject of building homes and the management of household affairs, a close observer can always find occasion to suggest improvements in the construction of the house as well as in matters pertaining to the household. In nine cases out of ten the thorough ventilation of dining-room and kitchen closets is entirely overlooked. Such articles as onions, turnips, pie, milk, butter, etc., are frequently placed upon the pantry-shelf *uncovered*—the door is, of course, closed. The odor which arises from the onion and turnip soon impregnates both butter and milk to such an extent that they are unfit for use. Pie, cake, etc., though less liable to become impregnated with bad odors than the articles mentioned, are sure to prove indigestible if left in an unventilated closet for any length of time.

Closet ventilation is a matter which both builders and housekeepers should consider seriously. The want of a thorough draft will create odors that are detrimental to the preservation of food, and the periodical consignment of "left overs" to the slop pail is a piece of shiftless extravagance on the part of housekeepers who have nobody but themselves to blame if their nasal appendages are always in close proximity to the traditional "grindstone."

If the walls cannot be perforated, holes should be bored through the top and bottom of the closet-door. Quick-lime—which should be frequently changed—will prevent mildew in cupboards and also prevent the formation of mold upon articles of food.

In villages and on farms where cistern-water is used for various purposes, the tank or barrel containing the water should be examined at least once a month. If the water is filled with sediment, it is a sure sign that it is impure. Two ounces of

borax will clear a twenty-gallon barrel of cistern-water in a few hours, and render it fit for use.

Many dollars might be saved annually if housekeepers would realize the importance of mending china and glassware as soon as it is broken. Neglect to cement the article at once will eventually result in a bewildering accumulation of various kinds of ware, and as days, weeks, and months pass away, and the hour for beginning the siege of "spring cleaning" draws nigh, the busy housewife, in a spirit of desperation, gathers the whole lot of "eye-sores" together and dumps them into the ash-barrel.

For many years we have kept a small bottle of cement ready for immediate use. A bit of isinglass dissolved in gin or boiled in spirits of wine can be prepared without trouble, and makes an excellent cement for thin glassware, broken images, etc. Pulverized lime mixed with white of eggs is also a durable cement.

A certain housekeeper declares that her prosperity dates from the day "when she began to take care of her brooms." Another affirms that by using her brooms carefully she is able to save, at least, ten dollars annually. Leaning heavily upon a broom while sweeping will cause it to curl at the edge, thus making it difficult to reverse the motion in sweeping. All brooms should be dipped in hot suds once a week. Bore a hole through the handle, insert a stout string, and *always* hang it upon a nail. Should the straws show a tendency to spread, the upper part of a stocking drawn over the lower part of the broom will prove an effective remedy. A good housekeeper never allows her carpet broom to be used for sweeping the outside stairs or yard; keep a coarse broom for this purpose.

Some people court poverty by disregarding *small matters* in the management of their domestic affairs. Silver spoons are used to scrape pans and kettles, table knives are plunged into boiling water; tubs and buckets are left standing in the sun until they fall apart; tea, coffee, and spices are left uncovered until their strength evaporates; vegetables are left to rot in the cellar, and, perchance, to spread the germs of fever throughout the house. Such people either go fretting

through life or fold their hands in calm resignation to what they pronounce their "fate." Woman is "God's best gift to man," and in the fullness of His divine love He ordained that she should "look well to the ways of her household."

M. A. THURSTON.

NEEDLES FROM THE PINES.

SOMETIMES I pity the Kingsleys, and then again I do not. None of the family are very strong, and they seem to have more than their share of sickness and hard times. When Mrs. Kingsley's sick days come, and they seem more numerous than her well ones, when the many entertainments that call for money come and go, and the Kingsleys miss them, then I pity them. But when I see how much pleasure and brightness they manage to put into their plain, every-day life, then I feel as if they need not be pitied as much as some others, with more money but less brains. They like to read, and they manage to get a good deal of strong, helpful reading that keeps them from growing rusty or discouraged. They take a keen interest in the many affairs that this busy world always has on hand. They like to know about the busy workers and their work. I often think if a good chance ever comes to them, they will be prepared for it. Then, too, I like one of their customs, and that is the keeping of the wedding anniversary and the birth-days. They always have a specially nice dinner or supper on those days. Sometimes they invite one or more in to enjoy the good time with them, and I have noticed it is quite often some one that needs a little cheer and brightness dropped into their life. It is a good idea keeping such days. Pleasant memories are nice things to carry through life, and happy the children that are storing them away. Too often we crowd the long days full of work, trusting the dim future to bring us our share of pleasure. How foolish! Each day brings us its gifts. If we slight them, they are never offered to us again.

Fanny Green asked me this forenoon why her custard pies were always watery. Perhaps there are others that often think, if they don't ask that same question.

Now here is a custard pie that is always smooth and firm and just right every way:

CUSTARD PIE.—Five slightly rounding tablepoons of white sugar and one slightly rounding tablespoon of sifted flour mixed well together; add a pinch of salt, and two well beaten eggs, and two cups of new milk. Bake in a slow oven. This makes one large pie. I always use deep earthen pie-plates (always for lemon or custard or pumpkin pies), and bake my pies slowly. For all kinds of pies I mix the under crust a little stiffer than the top crust. If the top of the pies are baked enough before the under crust is well baked, I cover with a brown paper and bake longer. A white, clammy under crust will spoil an otherwise good pie. If anything needs to be measured, be exact about each measure, and beware of recipes that say take two or three eggs and milk according to your judgment or size of plate. Your judgment or plate may be of good size, yet different from hers, and then your dainty is apt to be a fizzle.

Sometimes after making pies, one has a piece of pie-crust left. Here is a nice way to use it up. Children, I find, are very fond of them and some grown up folks can eat their share, too:

CINNAMON TARTS.—Roll the pie-crust thin and cut out with a biscuit cutter. Cover half of each tart thick with sugar, sift some cinnamon on top of the sugar, fold the other half over and pinch the edges together. Place in a tin and bake.

Once upon a time, not very long ago either, I read a recipe for carrot pudding. It sounded good when I read it, and as I like to try new things, and am anxious to keep learning, and as the children help eat the successes, and the chickens make way with the failures, I felt safe in trying it. It was as solid as a piece of sole leather, but there was a taste about it that we rather liked, so I determined to make a success out of that failure. Well, here it is, light, puffy, and very good eating I can assure you.

CARROT PUDDING.—Three-quarters of a cup of mashed boiled carrot, one cup of bread-crumbs, one cup of sifted flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of butter

(even full), one heaping teaspoon baking-powder, one cup of raisins or dried fruit. Steam one and one-half hours.

Here is a conversation, and the result, that took place the other day in a neighbor's house: "Now, Ida, I want you to mend that dress before you wear it another day." The dress was a blue calico, Ida is eighteen years old—too old to have to be told such a thing. "Well! where are the pieces like it?" "I don't know. Look in that basket at the foot of my bed; or, say, maybe they are in that bag in the closet. Seems to me, though, I saw them in the trunk up-stairs." "It's funny," she said to me, "where things disappear to, when you want to use them." I wanted to say something expressive, but as "the truth must not be spoken at all times," kept silent. Ida looked through basket, bag, and trunk, up-stairs and down-stairs, in places not mentioned by her mother, and finally, tired and cross, gave it up and mended the hole with another piece of blue calico that she had found in her long hunt. The dress had a small figure in it, the patch a large flower, so you can imagine how neat and tidy it looked.

In my next, if I can have a next, I will tell about a few handy articles—"step and patience savers" they ought to be called. A week's work in the right direction will save thousands of steps, any amount of worry, and much valuable time in the course of a year.

HOPE STUART.

HOW TO SAVE TIME AND LABOR IN DOING HOUSEWORK.

No. 2.

"**M**AKE your head save your hands and your feet," said an old lady in our presence. We thought much about it, and determined to follow her advice.

We had always thought that preserves and jellies must be sealed tightly. It used to take us a day or two to seal and put away the fruit. Sometimes the paper, after being wet with the white of an egg, would refuse to adhere to the bowl.

Now we have found a much easier way. Cut a circle of tissue paper just large enough to go inside the bowl nicely. Wet the paper on both sides with the white of

an egg, and put the former directly on the fruit.

Then cut another circle, using newspaper this time; it should be large enough to extend an inch below the upper edge of the bowl. Pass wrapping-twine two or three times around the bowl or tumbler outside of the paper, and tie securely.

In cutting the circles of paper, it is a great help to turn a plate or saucer "bottom upward" on the paper, and mark the outline with a pencil.

Fruit keeps just as well put up in this way as when sealed. There is so much sugar in preserves and jellies that they do not readily spoil.

If you wish to make several kinds of cake, take a recipe for plain cake and use different kinds of frosting.

The following is a recipe for White Mountain Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one of milk, three of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, three eggs, beating the whites and yolks separately. When eggs are scarce, two of the whites can be reserved for frosting. If one uses less eggs than the recipe calls for, three or four extra spoonfuls of milk should be added. With sweet milk, use two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. With sour milk, two spoonfuls of cream-of-tartar and one of saleratus. This makes a large cake or two smaller ones.

We sometimes double the recipe and make one plain cake, flavoring with lemon or vanilla extract, then use the remainder for chocolate cake. One can add another cupful of flour and make a layer-cake, but we find it less trouble to bake the cake in a loaf and frost it, melting the chocolate by setting it in a sauce-dish, over the tea-kettle.

When the chocolate is melted, beat the whites of the eggs, and put in pulverized or granulated sugar; if the latter is used, it should be rolled.

It is hard to give a rule for frosting, in regard to the amount of sugar.

We usually add sugar until we think the frosting won't "run;" next scrape the chocolate out of the dish in which it has been melted. Stir the chocolate with the sugar and eggs thoroughly.

Put the mixture on the cake, dipping the knife in cold water quite often.

An easy way to make cocoanut cake is to use the recipe before alluded to, baking

the cake in layers. Put cocoanut with the frosting, also sprinkle some over each layer, after the filling is put on.

This recipe can be varied at will. At one time, a cupful of raisins and spices can be used; at another omit all the spices except nutmeg. One would not think that this last difference would be noticed much. "And thereby hangs a tale."

We were visiting, not long ago, at the house of a neighbor, and, after tasting the cake, we pronounced it excellent. We thought it was entirely different from any we had seen, and forthwith asked for the recipe.

"Why, I got it of you," was the surprised rejoinder.

"Impossible!" we said. But our friend was right. She had used currants, raisins, and other ingredients, except spices, the same as we. Not liking cinnamon and cloves, she had used only nutmeg.

When the recipe for White Mountain Cake is doubled, one can make three or four kinds of cake almost as easily as one. It is much less trouble than to stir each kind separately. For a change, add a pound of hickory-nuts or butter-nuts to a part of the cake-dough.

If you wish to make a layer-cake in a hurry, "bake it in two large "dripping-pans," cut the cake in squares, and put together with jelly, cocoanut, or whatever is desired.

A carpet sweeper is something that every housekeeper should have. It does not sweep the corners as nicely as a broom, but, when a room does not need a thorough sweeping, it is just what is needed. Unlike a broom, it raises no dust, and saves the trouble of dusting the furniture.

When there are bits of cloth or yarn on the carpet, it is better to pick them up than to sweep.

In making beds, it is not necessary to remove the covers entirely from the bedstead. Place a chair at the foot, and throw the covers back over it. The bed can then be made in a very few minutes.

RENA REYNOLDS.

QUICK is the succession of human events—the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst; we shall meet no more."

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tryed recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

BEFORE time for house-cleaning, it is well to have the summer sewing out of the way. Children's clothes, every-day dresses, men's shirts and overalls, etc., may be made early in the season quite as well as to wait until later. It will save much time and worry to have a good, snug-fitting pattern for each garment.

How nicely that little story in a late number of our Magazine did hit us all! Why isn't it just as well, if we are inclined to be sociable—and of course we should be—to take our work and stay but two or three hours, giving our friends to understand, in the first place, that we do not intend it for a "big dinner" visit? I am sure, if we have the right spirit, we would be just as well satisfied, our neighbor more than grateful, and our hungry husband and children would rise up and call us blessed. People are not generally nearly so much vexed as they may pretend to be, because we do not stay a day or a week with them.

The warm, thawing days of spring, with the dampness underfoot, is the very weather for taking cold. Even the air seems laden with disease. Recently we were all startled by hearing of the deaths of three children in one family, by pneumonia—all within thirty-six hours. Other families have lost one or more of their number, and, perhaps, naturally, people begin to look for a different physician. Now, the very best cure is *prevention*; if children go all day with wet feet, need we be surprised if croup, diphtheria, or pneumonia steps in and claims them until

death asserts its power? It is a foolish notion—that of trying to "toughen" children by exposure. Make it so attractive to them within-doors that they will not care to be away from you. Give them thread, pins, and other notions, and let them set up a store. Let the little girls cut patterns and make their own doll's clothes. Give the boys a corner for sawing and nailing. Make a cup of paste, bring out some picture almanacs or advertising cards and pamphlets, and let them make scrap-books; and when they tire of it all, lay aside your sewing, gather the little ones in your arms and tell them a sweet story or sing one of the old songs you learned so long ago. Better this little "waste of time," as you may think it, than to weep when the little hands are still and the merry voices silent forever.

AUNT HOPE.

[That your little "talk" will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of our "HOME" mothers we are very sure. To the busy, hurried home-maker, wife, mother, housekeeper, seamstress, all in one, every moment seems precious, yet surely no time can be called wasted which adds to the home pleasures of our loved ones and draws them nearer to us.]

FOR SUMMER TIME.

How many are there among "HOME" readers who do not love flowers? Not many, I fancy. All may not have them, because it is a good deal of trouble for the city housewife who has no yard except a little spot on the roof of her home to grow them in; yet I knew a woman who raised not only flowers but vegetables four stories in the air, and found a great deal of pleasure in doing so.

I have but little yard room, myself—just a few feet in front of the house and a clothes-yard at the back, but I would like to tell you all how I made two pretty "greeneries" last summer. I procured two pieces of joist, four inches square and about three feet long, pointed one end of

each and drove them in the ground, one on each side of my steps, taking care that they stood straight and firm. Then I took four pieces of board, five or six inches wide and eighteen inches long, nailing two firmly on each post in the form of an X. The base was now ready. I then procured a large barrel (I took a molasses cask—half-hogshead—but a flour barrel will do), and sawed it in two, taking a foot or so out of the middle so that the ends would not be quite so deep. These ends I nailed and screwed firmly on to the bases I had prepared. In each I bored two or three small holes for drainage, put in a layer of small stones and broken crockery, and the bones which I had saved from roasts, soups, etc., all winter for the purpose, then filled with the richest loam I could procure. The bases and outside of the barrel-ends I painted green. Around the edges of the barrel I planted low-running plants, such as the "Wandering Jew," portulacca, etc., then those that were a little taller, having the tallest ones in the centre. In the centre of one I had a "prince's feather," which showed off nicely. Around the base I planted some morning glories which twined around the posts, completely hiding them. I took care to water the plants thoroughly each night after the sun went down, and I know I need not assure you that they were a "thing of beauty" and a joy all summer! Often I have seen passers-by stop to admire them, and many was the bunch of flowers I gave to those who had none. Try my way of constructing plant-stands, sisters, and see if you do not like them.

SISTER MARY.

[You certainly possess the faculty of "making the most of things," and we can well imagine that your "greeneries" were charming bits of verdure. Let us suggest that each reader of "HOME" Notes has if possible, this summer, a window box of flowers, if no more, and makes it a rule to send at least one bouquet a week into a home where dwells some sick or sorrowful one of God's children. Flowers have been well called "God's messengers," cheering and lightening care-worn and weary hearts.]

DEAR "HOME."—Every housekeeper knows how prone buttons, buckles, etc.,

are to accumulate on shelves and bureaus, especially in a house where there are many children. At least, I know they do in mine, and I will tell you how I prevented it. I got a hank of seine twine, and with a coarse hook crocheted a round flat piece in single crochet, as large as the bottom of one of the little, straight-sided, three-pound lard pails. Then I crocheted around this without widening for two inches, then worked one double treble (twine over twice) in a stitch, chain one, skip one, double treble in next, repeat all the way round. This forms holes to run ribbon in, tying in a pretty bow on one side. Then continue the single crochet around for two inches more, make another row of holes, and finish with a scallop edge. Make some very thick starch, and starch the basket as stiff as possible, pull it on over the pail, shaping it well, and let dry. Then paint with shellac, and when dry take off the pail, run ribbons in the spaces, place on your mantel, and give notice that all buttons, buckles, bits of slate pencils, etc., are to be dropped in this instead of on the shelf.

M. B. G.

APPROVED RECIPES.

DEAR EDITOR:—If "Sister Meg" will try my way of making soft gingerbread I am sure she will like it. If this proves a success and she would like it, I will give my recipe for ginger snaps.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one mixing-spoon of shortening, a little salt, one teaspoonful of ginger (or ginger and cinnamon mixed), one teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup boiling water, flour to make a stiff batter. Bake about half an hour, perhaps a little less.

AUNT MARY.

[How many "HOME" housekeepers ever tried sifting spices with the flour, as a means of mixing them evenly with the batter?]

DEAR "HOME."—Will you accept a recipe for cake from a man who tried it on election day, and it was declared to be very good by all the ladies of the house?

POUND CAKE.—Mix three-fourths pound of butter with one pound of sugar, add one pound of flour, seven eggs, beaten

to a froth, nutmeg to taste. This makes sufficient for two loaves. The ladies all predicted it "would not rise," "would not be fit to eat!" etc.; but they did eat it, pronouncing a favorable verdict, as stated.

A. N.

I have been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE for three years, and only wish we might have it twice a month instead of once. I always read this department first, and have been so cheered and helped by suggestions therein, that I would like to try and return some benefit. Seeing an inquiry about making sweet potato pie in the Southern way, I send my mother's recipes: (1.) Boil and pare the potatoes, then proceed just as suggested in the "HOME" to make squash pies. (2.) Boil the potatoes, peel and slice them, line a plate with rich paste, place in it slices of potato, with sugar and spices to taste, add one cup of rich milk or cream, and top crust.

MRS. G. F. DEWEY.

DEAR "HOME:"—I have just entered upon my fourth year as a subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE, and have come to regard it as a member of the family. I read the "Notes" with interest, and have been greatly benefited thereby. Will give a well-tested recipe for starting potato-ball: Take a pint of flour, scald with potato water, mash the potatoes, add to the flour, and to this, when cool, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half tablespoonful of salt, and sufficient yeast of any kind. Take out a cupful for next baking, and add two quarts of water to balance. *Second baking*—to a quart of mashed potatoes, cool, add one tablespoonful of salt, two of sugar, and the cup of yeast; mix thoroughly and take out a cupful for next baking. You now have a genuine "potato-ball," and should always proceed according to directions for second baking. To what remains, add two quarts of warm water and two heaping spoonfuls of flour, let stand till morning, when it should be mixed to a stiff dough and well-kneaded.

If "Sister Meg" will wash her chamois skin in soft water, and dry over a hot fire, stretching and pulling constantly till thoroughly dry, she will find it soft and clean as when new. We tried "A House-

wife's" method of sealing cans with cotton-batting, with good success so far.

MRS. E. C. R.

I, too, wish to enter the "HOME" circle, thanking the "HOME" housekeepers for the many helps I have received from them, and to tell Ella Hathaway that she has taught me how to make good fried cakes. I like "Sandusky's" patterns ever so much. Will send my recipe for quick bread: In the morning soak two yeast cakes in one-half cup of warm water, then add it to a batter made of one and one-half cupfuls each of flour and sugar, one cup of salt, and one pint of boiling water. Let rise two or three hours. Boil one-half peck of potatoes, mash fine, put in a two-gallon jar; when cool, add the yeast, fill the jar to within two inches of the top (with warm water?—Ed.), and let rise. Keep in a cool cellar. Take a pint of this to each loaf, using no other wetting; warm it to milk heat and add to the flour, which has been previously warmed. Mold, let rise, then mold into loaves, let rise, and bake. With this yeast one can bake bread in three hours from time of beginning.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

[The recipes you speak of will be very acceptable, as tested recipes always are.]

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—Though I have not contributed very frequently to this department of our beloved Magazine, yet I have every number since January, 1860, and mean to take it so long as I can see to read it! I have ten years' volumes bound, and ten more at the bindery, and I feel very proud of my "HOME" library.

I wonder if some of the sisters would not like my recipe for cottage-pudding, and a description of the way I make it do service for dessert the second day, also? Here is the pudding: One small pint-bowlful of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar well mixed in; one teacup of sweet milk, with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, one-half cup dry sugar, one egg; bake in a square tin, about twenty minutes, in a quick oven. This is nice with any kind of liquid sauce, but I prefer cream or rich milk.

For the second day, if the family is not so large as to eat it all the first day, cut

the remainder in squares, and place in a deep dish so as to leave spaces between the pieces. Have some cold baked sweet apples, cut these in bits and fill in the spaces, then pour a boiled or steamed custard over the whole and set away to cool. If you wish it to look extra nice, place a piece of good, firm jelly on each piece as it is served. Those who live where peaches are abundant would probably find them an agreeable substitute for the baked apples.

SISTER CALLIE.

[We shall certainly hold you to that promise to "call again." These "Notes" are for housekeepers, from housekeepers; and we want all to feel an interest in keeping the department well-filled.]

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups molasses, one cup each of brown sugar and lard, two teaspoons of soda, two tablespoons of ginger, one-half cup hot water, flour to roll. Bake in as quick an oven as possible without burning,

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups molasses, one each of sugar, lard, and cold water, two teaspoons soda, a little salt, ginger to taste; stir all together before putting in the flour; roll quite thick.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup butter (measured after it is melted), three eggs, one teaspoon soda, one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking-powder mixed with the flour; mix soft, wet the tops of the cookies with water, then dip in granulated sugar.

LAYER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking-powder.

FRIED CAKES.—Two cups sugar, one and one-half cups sour milk, one egg, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one of soda, a piece of lard the size of an egg, salt and nutmeg to taste, flour to roll soft.

Do not use pumice-stone to brush the teeth, as it injures the enamel; instead, clean them with lukewarm rain water just before retiring at night and the first thing in the morning, using a good tooth-powder twice a week.

D. E. H.

[Did you intend to give both baking-

powder and soda in your recipe for "sugar cookies?"]

DEAR "HOME:"—I inclose a recipe for a German dish which our family like much for a change. Put in a large skillet a tablespoonful of butter and half as much lard; set over the fire, let melt, and when hot stir in four heaped tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook, stirring all the time, until it is a nice brown color, then thin with boiling water to the consistency of good cream; when ready to serve the soup, salt it to taste, and add an egg well beaten with a teaspoonful of milk or cream.

ARLETTA T.

[The directions asked for have been sent you by mail, as they would be too late to be of service this season, if published.]

NOTELETS.

DEAR "HOME:"—Will the ladies who write for this department and those who read the articles, allow a man to have his little say? We business men have seven holidays in the year, besides Sundays. As five of them come at a time of year when it is not pleasant for out-door exercise, we want to have things as pleasant as possible in-doors. I would suggest to wives and housekeepers that they put off the washing, sweeping, dusting, etc., should the holidays fall on the days set apart for the performance of these duties. "We men" dislike very much to have the house turned upside-down, leaving no place where we can read the newspaper or our favorite author in undisturbed comfort. I think a little attention to the above, on the part of our wives and sisters, would add much to the happiness of the "men of the house."

ALLAN NAPIER.

[You are quite welcome to your "little say," which seems a very modest and good-natured one, and worthy the attention of our "HOME" housekeepers.]

I would like to suggest that all the housekeepers who are troubled by moths—and who is not?—try salt as a remedy. In taking up and putting down your carpets this spring, sprinkle salt liberally

along the edges. I find it preferable to insect powder, camphor, or any of the various remedies prescribed. It is cheap and easily obtained, and the moths cannot live where it is.

MRS. E. F.

DEAR EDITOR:—I read the "Notes" with great interest, and have often been benefited by the many suggestions. Would like to give my way of cleaning windows and mirrors: Sop a soft cloth in kerosene, go over the glass, let it stand a short time, then wipe off with another soft cloth, dry. Now give the glass a good rubbing with old, soft paper, then polish with a fresh piece of the same, or tissue paper, which is better. Try it, all who have glass to clean; it will make it shine like crystal, and saves all the slop of washing with water. Whiting mixed with alcohol or water, rubbed on the glass, allowed to dry, then polished off, is also good.

H. L. WALKER.

[The directions, etc., asked for have been sent by mail, and we hope reached you safely.]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—When you want to black your kitchen range, first wash it well with a good soap-suds in which you have turned two or three tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil; when the range is thoroughly clean, put on your blacking and see how quickly you will get a good polish. Will some one please tell me a good way to take out coffee stains? Also, what is "Bargarren thread?"

MAE.

[You do not tell us whether you wish to take the stains from silk, linen, worsted or cotton goods; however, here is what a most excellent authority says of coffee stains, in a general way: "Milk and coffee stains are very difficult to remove, especially from light colored and finely finished goods. From woolen and mixed fabrics they are taken out by moistening them with a mixture of one part glycerine, nine parts water, and one-half part aqua ammonia. This mixture is applied to the goods by means of a brush, and allowed to remain for twelve hours (occasionally renewing the moistening). After this time the stained pieces are pressed between cloth, and then rubbed with a clean rag. Drying, and if possible,

a little steaming, is generally sufficient to thoroughly remove the stains. Stains on silk garments which are dyed with delicate colors, or finely finished, are more difficult to remove. In this case, five parts glycerine are mixed with five parts water, and one-quarter part of ammonia added. Before using this mixture it should be tried on some part of the garments where it cannot be noticed, in order to see if the mixture will change color. If such is the case, no ammonia should be added. If, on the contrary, no change takes place, or if, after drying, the original color is restored, the above mixture is applied with a soft brush, allowing it to remain on the stains for six or eight hours, and is then rubbed with a clean cloth. The remaining dry substance is then carefully taken off by means of a knife. The injured places are now brushed over with clean water, pressed between cloths and dried. If the stain is not then removed, a rubbing with dry bread will easily take it off. To restore the finish, a thin solution of gum arabic, or in many cases beer is preferred, is brushed on, then dried and carefully ironed. By careful manipulation these stains will be successfully removed."

The Bargarren thread is a coarse, loosely-twisted linen thread, made in almost any imaginable color, and warranted to wash. It is much used for outline work on bed-spreads, buffet, table, and bureau scarfs, etc., being very effective in proportion to the amount of work required.]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—I agree with Mrs. Clark in wishing to hear all that is possible about flowers. I have a primrose which has bloomed all winter in a north window. Petunias are nice winter-bloomers and easy to keep, as they stand cold well. I wonder if any of the housekeepers would like to know my way of using pieces of bread too small and old to be put on the table with fresh bread? Toast them, make a nice gravy of milk and butter, or, if you have no milk, beef or chicken gravy is very good; place the toast in a deep dish and pour the gravy over it; serve hot. This is a dish the little folks like. Camphor is excellent for cold sores if applied freely and in season.

MRS. F. W. S.

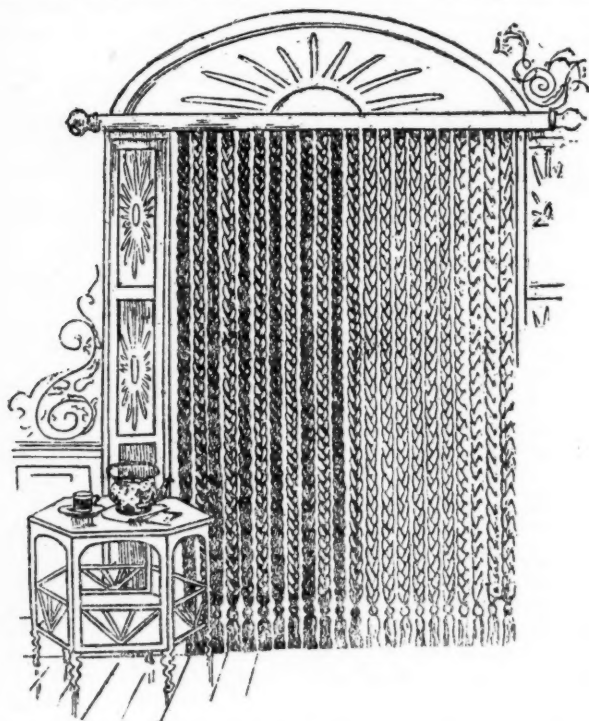
HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A HOME-MADE PORTIÈRE.

CUT strips of woolen cloth three inches wide, and sew them together, making pieces about three yards in length. Turn in the edges of each piece, and, after folding the strips lengthwise through the centres, run the two edges of each piece

reach from the pole to within about two inches from the floor, where they are tied together. This will form a tassel nearly eight inches long.

Any and all colors can be used to make a portière. If the lighter pieces are sewed together, leaving the darker ones for other braids, alternate light and dark strips may



PORTIÈRE.

together, thus making the strips much narrower. Then select six strips and sew them together at one end, allowing the other ends to hang free. Next separate this group into three parts of two strips each, and braid them together, being careful to keep the seams in toward the centre of the braid, and have the work smooth and even. Make the strips of lengths to

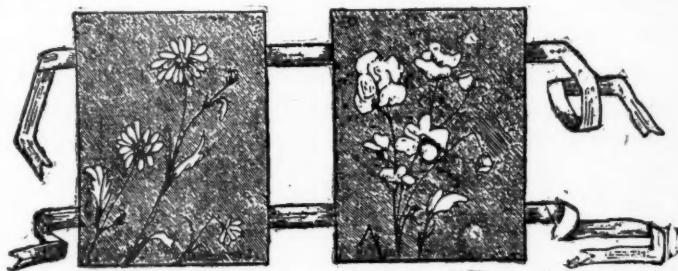
be made by placing light-colored braids between the dark ones, and, with a little thought in the blending of colors, handsome portières can be manufactured in this way from scraps of cloth, which perhaps have been thrown aside as useless. Should a curtain pole and rings be too expensive, use a rustic pole of any kind, and in this pole screw in a straight line as

many screw eyes as there are of braids; sew each braid to a screw eye; then fasten the pole up over the door by means of strong pliable bark or leather bands as in diagram. The expense of the ornamental hangings need be only a few cents for the screw eyes. The portière can be parted anywhere, like those of the Japanese made of bamboo and beads. It requires no looping, as it looks best simply hanging straight.

LETTER AND NEWSPAPER HOLDERS.

A VERY easy made trifle is a letter-holder. One of the ordinary size will require four pieces of cardboard six

of the first covered cardboards on the table, and pin across it one piece of the ribbon, two inches below the top; then two inches above the bottom pin the second ribbon. Next, lay on this one of the cardboards covered with the plain stuff, and, after fitting the edges exactly together, overseam them neatly to avoid the spaces through which the ribbon passes, but closing these spaces firmly by several strong stitches on each side of the ribbon. The same operation is repeated with the two remaining boards; and the result will be an excellent letter-holder—the ribbon slipping easily through the unsewed spaces allows you to enlarge the hinge or back of your holder as occasion requires. The

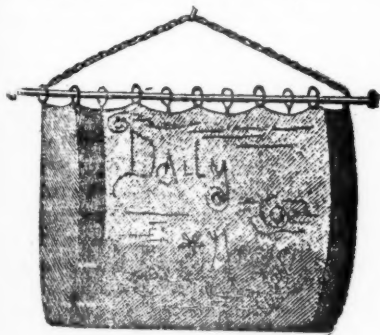


LETTER-HOLDER.

by ten inches; a quarter of a yard of figured silk or cretonne; a similar quantity of plain material, and two yards of ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. On two of the pieces of cardboard paste the figured cretonne, turning the stuff

holder may be made of figured cretonne and some contrasting shade of plain sateen for the lining; then they are very inexpensive; but any amount of money and time may be spent on them when silks and plushes are used, and the outside ornamented with gold embroidery. The same idea, either in its simple or expensive form, may be carried out for photograph-holders.

A newspaper-holder is convenient and easily made. For this you will need one yard of the straw-matting which is used around tea-boxes. This matting can be obtained of any grocer. With this you will want half a yard of Turkey red twill or *surah*, and four yards of gay ribbon an inch wide. The matting is to be bound all round with a broad band of Turkey red twill or *surah*; then the lower edge is turned up about fifteen inches, and fastened in place by strips of ribbon sewed to the corners, as shown in the illustration. The holder is further decorated with rosettes and bows, and rings are securely sewed to its upper corners, by which it is hung on the wall. Another



NEWSPAPER-HOLDER.

smoothly over the edges, holding it firmly in place by many stitches.

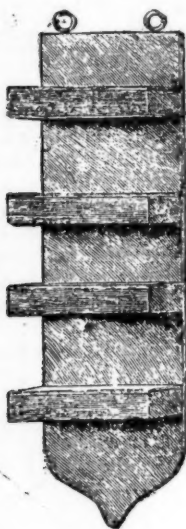
Cover the other two pieces with the plain material in the same way. Lay one

paper-rack can be made on the same principle, but at greater expense. Get one yard of silk, either plain or colored, one yard of lining-silk in some gay, contrasting shade, and you will need a long brass banner-rod, with its hanging chain, two yards of ribbon or cord, and one dozen small brass rings. The lining and the outside silks are sewed together on the wrong side, then turned to hide all the seams, and neatly pressed—the unsewed end being closed and finished off.

Along the ends the brass rings are fastened, and through them the rod is slipped in such a way that the rings are put alternately from each end, and the cord is fastened in place, so as to hang the rack against the wall.

A NOVEL CABINET.

A NOVEL cabinet can easily be made of a piece of thin board about a yard long, and exactly the width of cigar boxes. Four of these boxes will be



required to make the cabinet, and each of them must be of the same shape and size. Small screws must be used to fasten the boxes on the board at equal distances apart. Two screw eyes should be placed in the top of the board so that it may be hung on hooks fastened in the wall for the purpose. The board may be cut in an

ornamental design at the bottom, or it can be left square and still look well.

When the boxes have been securely fastened on the board, paint the entire cabinet the color of the woodwork of the room in which it is to be placed. If you wish it to be more ornamental, paint the cabinet pure white, and when dry give it a coat of varnish; it will then have the appearance of the enameled white wood now so much admired. After the varnish is perfectly dry, a delicate tracery of gilt in some graceful, simple design can be made across the boxes, and on the board at the top and bottom. This little cabinet will be found useful as a receptacle for letters or any odds and ends.

FIGS. 6 AND 6A, UMBRELLA COVER.—The cover is formed of two parts of sail-cloth of equal length and width, bound with leather. One part is embroidered in stem-stitch (Fig. 6A), and the handle fixed to the other part (Fig. 6). Two leather straps hold the cover together.

FIG. 7, BIB APRON.—Skirt and bib are made of strong linen, on which scrolls have been embroidered in satin and chain stitch with blue cotton. The waistband, to which the bib is fixed has a blue passepoil.

FIG. 8, APRON IN DRAWN WORK AND EMBROIDERY.—The material is canvas, having a lace border at the lower end, a waistband of blue satin with a ruche in front, and bow on back. The embroidered insertions are alternately drawn work, and rows of stars formed of white and blue cotton.

FIG. 9, APRON IN CROCHET.—The apron is composed of écreu canvas bands and crochet rosettes. A blue satin bow is placed where the waistband joins.

FIGS. 10 AND 10A, EMBROIDERED MAT.—The foundation is gold-shot canvas antique, on which two stripes have been embroidered between the two corners, and a centre stripe which are of reddish-brown plush. The outlines of the embroidery design are carried out in black chenille, and the fillings with two shades of brown, blue, and olive chenille, sewn down with filoselle of corresponding color. The border (Fig. 10A) has to be outlined with



Fig. 6a. EMBROIDERED PART OF UMBRELLA COVER.



Fig. 6. UMBRELLA COVER.



Fig. 8. APRON IN DRAWN WORK AND EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 7. BIB APRON.

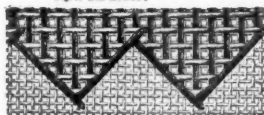


Fig. 10a. BORDER FOR EMBROIDERED MAT.

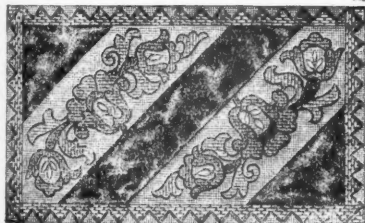


Fig. 10. EMBROIDERED MAT.



Fig. 11a. EMBROIDERY DETAIL FOR TRAVELLING CUSHION.

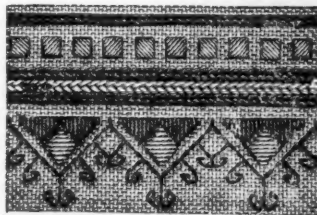


Fig. 11. BORDER FOR TOWELS, COVERS, &c.



Fig. 12. ETUI FOR TEASPOONS (Closed).



Fig. 13. TRAVELLING CUSHION.



Fig. 12a. ETUI FOR TEASPOONS (Open).



Fig. 14a. DETAIL FOR WOOD BASKET.



Fig. 14. WOOD BASKET.



Fig. 14b. DETAIL FOR WOOD BASKET.

black Hamburg wool, and darned with silk of various colors.

FIG. 11. BORDER FOR TOWELS, COVERS, ETC.—The embroidery is carried

out on Russian linen with red and white cotton in satin, chain, and Holbein stitch.

FIGS. 12, AND 12A, ETUI FOR TEASPOONS.—The etui is made of strong ticking, lined with red flannel, and a stem-stitch design is embroidered on the flap with blue and red cotton, the rims being bound with red braid. The compartments for the teaspoons are formed likewise of ticking, and embroidered with herring-bone stitches in blue cotton.

FIGS. 13 AND 13A, TRAVELING CUSHION.—The cover of the cushion is made of strong gray linen, and buttoned on the back. The embroidery, of which Fig. 13A shows the details, is carried out in claret cordonnet silk in satin and chain stitch, point Russe and French knots. A red silk cord, fashioned into a loop, serves as a handle.

FIGS. 14 TO 14B, WOOD BASKET.—The wickerwork or cane basket is ornamented with two stripes of embroidery, worked on claret freize with olive, blue, and bronze wool, in point Russe, chain, stem, and satin stitch, as shown in the two specimen flowers Figs. 14A and 14B, of which the design is mainly composed. The upper rim is trimmed with pinked-out plush, and tassel fringes border the embroidery stripes.

LEARN TO BE SELF-RELIANT. People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. Once down, they are utterly helpless, and can never find their feet again without assistance. Such silken people no more resemble self-made men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones and deriving determination from defeat, than bushes resemble oaks. It is unwise to deprive the young of advantages which result from energetic action by assisting them over obstacles which they ought to be able to surmount alone. Did a man ever learn to swim well who placed his whole confidence in a cork-jacket? This assistance may be of advantage for a few lessons, but he who would

learn to care for himself must cast aside all such supports.

EXAMPLE. People appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would address an equal, if they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civilly, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others.

PERMANENT MISERY. No one should underrate the inevitable sorrows of life nor deny to them the sympathy and loving aid which should ever be extended to them; but permanent misery cannot be regarded with very much respect. It certainly speaks of very grave defects in character, of faults that need pruning away, of feeble qualities that need stimulating. Life is largely what we make it, and, whatever may be its clouds and storms, they will be chased away at length by the clear sunshine of a noble character. "Fill thy heart with goodness, and thou wilt find that the world is full of good."

THE execution of good resolutions and new purposes should be entered upon at the earliest practicable moment, for, if unduly deferred, such purposes are a torment and not the inspiration they might be. Those who win their battles in the world, as well as those whose who win their battles with the world, are those who strike instantly and heavily.

THOSE who would render their charities useful should diffuse them judiciously. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

DRESS AND DRESSES.

FIG. 1 shows a good design for a dress of woolen material. In the original it is of striped tweed, a mixture of browns

thus forming a very original style of drapery. Also will be seen the folds on the left hip prettily arranged and joining the



FIGS. 1 AND 2.

and old gold. In fig. 2, which represents the side of the skirt, it will be seen how the oblique folds are brought over the straight plaits of the centre of the back,

plaits that give the slight draping to the front breadths. The right side of the dress is covered by a wide treble box-plait, looped at the top, and finished with large





FIG. 2.



FIG. 3, BODICE OF FIG. 1.



HOUSE DRESS



DINNER DRESS.



passementerie buttons. The vest is of old gold silk, with a narrow darker stripe, and is fastened with passementerie buttons. The

The second figure on page 471 is an elegant home dress of satin merveilleux of a dark shade of moss-green. The founda-



EVENING DRESS.

jacket has open fronts, with coat revers and collar, and the view, fig. 3, shows that the backlengthens out into a plaited coat-tail with buttons.

tion on the right side is covered by a panel formed of two breadths of satin in which tiny tucks are run perpendicularly from the waist two-thirds down, from there the

satin expands into a wide full flounce. The tunic, which covers all the rest of the foundation, is set in wide folds to the waist on the right side, and is swept across the front in the same broad folds, to be again raised in plaits on the left side, and slightly puffed at the back. The blouse bodice has a pointed yoke made of the merveilleux run in tiny tucks like the panel, and the

EVENING DRESS.—Bodice of black brocade and red Terry velvet; skirt of pale pink silk, with panel of brocade, and double sash of Terry velvet with pearl ornaments.



CHILD'S DRESS.

upper part of the sleeves are fitted to the arm in the same manner, while the lower part is drawn into plain cuffs. Round the waist is a band of velvet, fastened with a gold buckle.

The figure on page 472 is a house dress of green cashmere with smocked waist.

DINNER DRESS.—Home gown of terra-cotta, panel of terra-cotta brocade, with silver threads running through.



JUVENILE COSTUME.

CHILD'S DRESS.—White merve, with sash of the same; frill at neck and wrists; smocked yoke and cuffs; three tucks on the skirt.

JUVENILE COSTUME.—Child's Directoire coat, in terra-cotta cloth with black moiré front, cuffs, and revers.

CHILD'S DRESS.—This would serve for a model for a useful, easy child's home dress for a girl between eight and twelve

years of age. The skirt is a perfectly plain plaited one of about four breadths of material of ordinary width, with a little

it falls, and where a cord and tassels give it a finish. The shoulders are set into narrow flat bands, the sleeves into cuffs to corres-

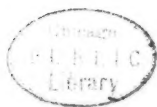


CHILD'S DRESS.

braiding above the hem. The blouse is plaited at the throat and gathered at the waist by an elastic hemmed in, over which

pond. It would be suitable for any woolen material, but serge *par excellence*. Quantity of material required, six to eight yards.







SUPREMELY HAPPY.

